

The Escape of Barclay Coppoc, by a Party to the Affair,  
in Governor Gue's "John Brown and His Friends."

Vol. 7.

MARCH.

No. 3.

# THE MIDLAND MONTHLY

A MAGAZINE  
DEVOTED TO  
MIDLAND LIT-  
ERATURE & ART

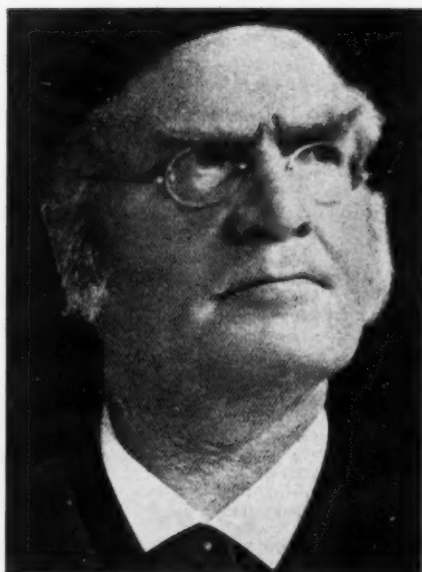
Picture of "The Other Side" of Life in "The Flowery Kingdom."

The Widow of Stephen A. Douglas, and Her Daughters.



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**AGENTS WANTED.**

**HOTELS** In New York City change hands frequently. Strange faces, new management and new methods seem to take away from them the comfortable, home-like atmosphere to which the traveler has become accustomed. Here and there, however, there are successful establishments which continue to hold their own under the same management.

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Is a hotel of this character, and under the direction of its old-time proprietor, William Taylor, continues one of the most pleasant and attractive hotels in the city. The new addition which was finished a few years ago has doubled its capacity. The beautiful COLONIAL DINING ROOM is an attractive feature of this part of the house.

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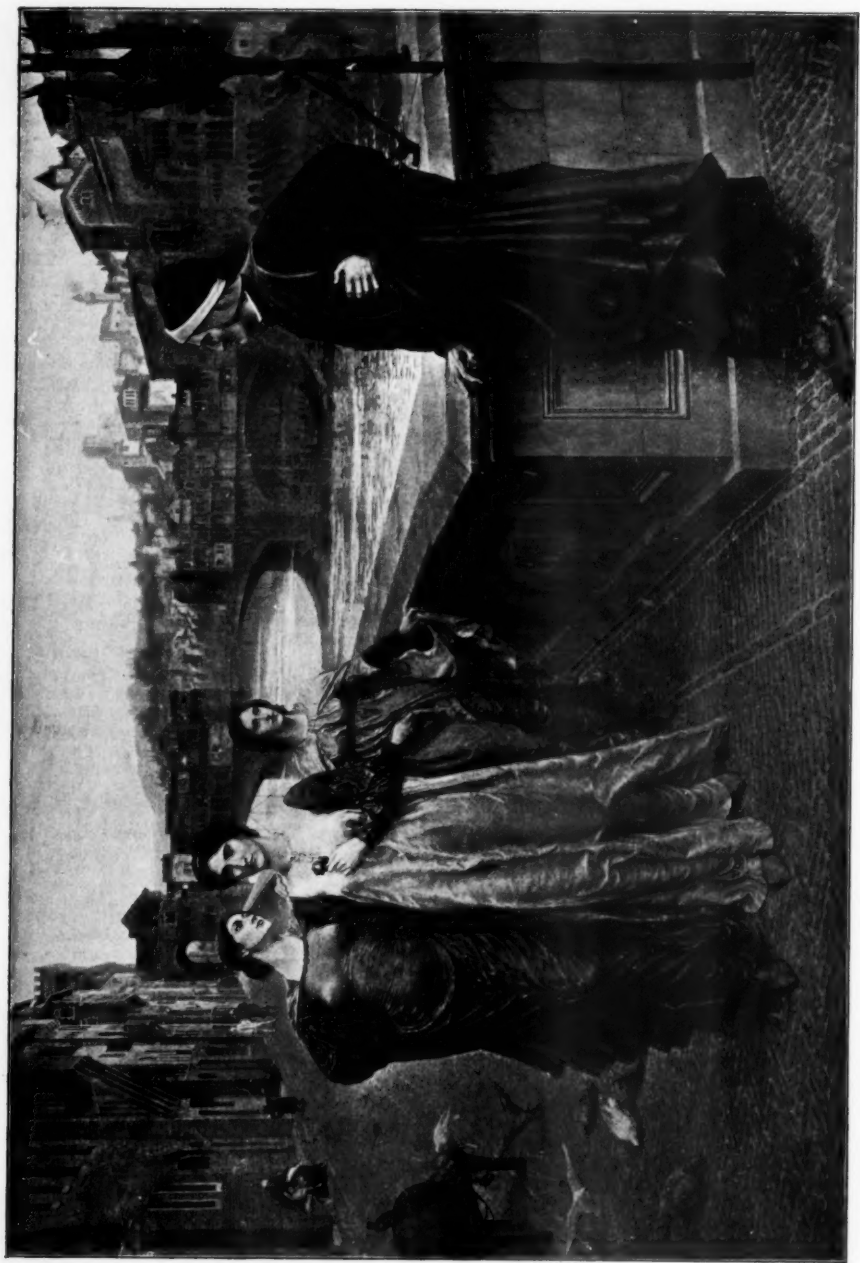
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*"And as on thee my yearning eyes I cast,  
I saw that thou my presence heeded not."*



# THE MIDLAND MONTHLY.

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MARCH, 1897.

NUMBER 3.

## DANTE TO BEATRICE.



*IN THIS bridge, spanning Arno's silv'ry stream  
They came to me and told me thou wert dead,—  
Dead, thou, my Beatrice, my life's sweet dream!—  
Then left me, deeming I had tears to shed.  
They would not look upon my grief, but sped  
Away, and left me standing here alone;  
For which I thanked them. Then I bowed my head,  
But not to weep or sigh, or in despair to groan.*

*A year ago I watched thee as thou passed  
Close by this now to me twice hallowed spot,  
And as on thee my yearning eyes I cast,  
I saw that thou my presence heeded not,  
Not scornfully, nor in disdain, God wot,  
Didst thou o'erlook me; still thy gaze serene,  
Averted, darkened then my gloomy lot.  
Ah! then I felt despair and grief and anguish keen.*

*Now art thou woman, Beatrice, no more,  
But spirit blest, chief of the heavenly quire,  
Being ethereal, whom I now adore;  
Not as erstwhile, object of fierce desire,  
Longing and earthly love. Thou shalt inspire  
My soul for loftier flights. My future song—  
Whether of Heav'n or of Hell's torments dire—  
Will reach and move thee there in that great radiant throng.*

*Kennett F. Harris.*

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A JAPANESE FARMER GOING TO MARKET.

## JAPANESE FARMING.

By H. H. GUY.

WHATEVER may be said of the direct source of a nation's strength, the ultimate is the farm. In proportion as the farm is improved and beautified the wealth and beauty of a country is increased. If the farmer be ignorant and immoral he corrupts the national life in the same proportion as sewage thrown into a spring pollutes the stream. Ignorance at the plow is as dangerous to the life of a people as ignorance at the engine is death to the passengers in the coaches behind. You can never judge correctly as to the strength and power of a nation till you have seen its farmers. The outward show of greatness which civilization presents to the eye may only be the whitening of the sepulcher within which the glaring skulls of villainy and vice affright us.

If what I have said be true of other nations it is ten times true of Japan. During the war with China the papers were filled with Japan's praises and we were caught by such headlines as these: "Japan takes her place in the sisterhood

of nations," "The alarming growth of the Flowery Kingdom," "Japan, King of the East," etc.

To say that a casual visitor might be mistaken as to Japan's real advancement, with whose customs and language he is unacquainted, is only to say that all writers are human.

That mistakes have been made and will be made, I firmly believe. Let it be understood, then, that what I shall have to say is not intended as a criticism on Japan's true greatness, but only an attempt to place before the American reader what to me is the correct and obvious view of the condition of the Flowery Kingdom.

I venture to say that with all the literature on Japan there are few, if any, who know the farmer's true condition and the place the farm holds in Japan's life.

During the military reign of the Shoguns of Japan, about three hundred years ago (1603-1867), the empire was divided, roughly speaking, into two classes,—the military and the citizens. The former

were kept by the government and did no work, except what little there was to do in camp, such as fencing, drilling, etc. The latter were taxed to pay the expenses of the former. The citizens may properly be subdivided into farmers and townsmen. As it is our present purpose to speak only of the former, we will pass by the latter.

Those who are acquainted with the chivalry of Europe in the past will appreciate the fact that in Japan, during the three hundred years of the Shoguns' rule, the brave soldier was the ideal man. Literature and art were lost sight of, and the sword and spear were all. Men sought to hang their breasts with medals won on bloody fields of battle. It is a terrible page which sets forth the deeds of that time, but one full of instruction and suggestion. Men went to sleep at night with two glistening swords sheathed at their sides to dream of war; they woke to stain that shining steel in their countrymen's blood. To feed and clothe these robbers—for they were nothing less—the farmer bent his back beneath misfortune's heavy load. It was stated

exactly how much he must spend for clothes and food, and, should emergency demand, even that must be sacrificed for his country. From bad to bad he was driven by relentless cruelty till those who owned farms were compelled to sell them to their lords. And that was not all; they became, in fact, serfs in perpetuity, attaching to the farm as other real estate and passing from one lord to another as truly as ever a slave at the block passed from one master to another.

This was the beginning of sorrows. At the close of the Shogunate, about thirty years ago, the land was almost all in the hands of the powerful lords, but by imperial decree all distinctions of soldier and citizen were done away with and, as a consequence, the farmers were set free.

The entering in of the Meiji era may be considered as the day of jubilee to the Japanese farmer. He was a free man. In a few years industry won for him a small tract of land, and there he built his home and commenced to live.

The farmer's condition continued to grow better until a few years ago when



JAPANESE WOMEN PREPARING THE FIELD TO PLANT RICE.

one of Japan's economists called attention to the fact that retrogression had set in; that the owners of land were gradually decreasing and that serfs, who still remain in Japan, were increasing; and that the great landlords were extending their domains at an alarming rate. The question with Japan is not so much, "Are we returning to feudalism?" as it is, "Are we not already a feudality?"

Strange to say the Meiji era brought little light to the farmer's mind. For three hundred years he had lived in

they would follow in the same road. The daughter beside her mother spun the cloth for the family. They unwound the silk from the cocoons to send to the market. In that ancient time, Japan had no marriage laws; and I am not convinced that the present is any improvement in that respect. The men and women simply lived together.

While what I have said applies to the past, it is no less applicable to the present. Let us then go and see the Japanese farmer in his home and inquire



HARVESTING RICE AND HANGING IT IN THE SUN TO DRY.

black ignorance of the world and of himself, and he was still doomed to continue in it. He could not read, and even if he knew a few Chinese characters he could not understand their meaning in a continued sentence. He knew no morals. In the summer with his wife and daughters he waded naked into the rice swamps. The family bathed, ate, slept and worked together. Bred and born in vice and ignorance, the children grew to manhood and womanhood without hope. If their fathers waded rice swamps, sowed, milled and raised daikon, (a sort of radish,)

of his hopes. The sons of the soil here are industrious. There are many reasons for this. He must support his family, which is generally large. He must pay his rents and taxes. And, too, besides being compelled, I believe it is one of his characteristics to desire to work. From early morn till late at night he plods on.

When the season for planting rice comes, work commences in dead earnest. First, the land must be spaded up and the stubbles of last year's crop turned under; then the water is to be let in,

which, if there is not a stream handy, must be elevated by tread mill, and it takes many weary days to complete the task. In fact, it is not completed till the rice is ready to harvest, for the water evaporates and soaks into the earth and must be continually replenished.

The farmer's house is also of importance in a correct understanding of his life. There are no farm houses in Japan, speaking in the language of the West. The farmers huddle together in small villages and go out to the fields during the day, carrying their farming implements on their backs to and from the field. It is a queer sight to see women and men, the distinction between whom, so far as dress is concerned, is not very marked, going afield early in the morning, carrying, or pulling on a cart, rakes, hoes, forks, spades and curiously arranged hayracks "for the back."

Unless he is rich his house consists of two rooms or, more correctly speaking, one room and a shed. The room is bedroom and dining room; as for parlor, the green earth with heaven's arching dome affords that. The shed is kitchen and warehouse; here he puts his farm machinery

at night. Generally on the north and west, the roof, which is a thick thatch, reaches to the ground, while on the south and east it comes within a few feet of the ground, forming, as you see, a dark room into which the sun never enters and is consequently a dingy, damp, uncanny place; and yet, here men, women, and children, to the number of six or seven, sleep and eat together like animals.

There are no plows in Japan—that is, there are so few that we may not find them to count them. Horses are hardly used at all, for it is impossible for a horse to walk the rice swamps, and he has not yet entered the wheat and millet fields. The immense rice fields are spaded by hand with a sort of half fork, half spade.

When the rice is planted the water is turned on and kept there till the harvest; when, in some parts, the water is turned off and the rice can be cut with less danger to life and health—and yet, even then mud is ankle deep.

The harvesting, as you would naturally guess, is done with a reap hook—a man cuts till his arms are full and then it is stacked on the little ridges which separate the fields. Afterward it is hung in



RUNNING THE RICE THROUGH A FANNING MILL.



SACKING RICE.

the sun to dry, and then pulled through a machine similar to what the country broom-makers use to pull the seed from broom corn. Sometimes, too, it is beaten with flails when it is threshed; then they run it through a rude hand-made fanning mill and clean it; then it is put into sacks made of straw, strapped on the back of a horse, or put on a cart, and taken off to market.

In the winter time, having no stock to feed, he spends his time enriching his farm, coming to the city in the morning, gathering fertilizing material which, returning in the evening he scatters over the field. This of course is not the rice field, but millet or wheat. At each of these trips he also brings pickled daikon to sell.

Those who have seen the farmer straining beneath heavy loads, returning to his farm or coming to the city early in the morning before the lazy townsman is up, will never forget the dead set expression on his face. He is as hopeless as a horse. His hope looks no farther forward than the night. To-morrow is too distant and uncertain for him to ever contemplate,

let alone that great to-morrow which lifts the heavy burdens from the Christian's soul.

The farmers of Japan are gradually forming a distinct class. Besides the dress and strangely shaven head, there are differences of countenance which easily distinguish the farmer from the man in the city. He is "very religious," never neglecting to make offerings to the several gods who guard with certain success the interests of those who follow them. Taking advantage of this ignorance the priests live well in the country towns, for while the offering of money is intended for Buddha, it usually finds its way into the hands of some sleek-headed deceiver.

The farmer is at once the glory and the shame of Japan. His restless industry has kept alive and sustained a thickly populated country, and yet how dark his mind! Hundreds of years of oppression have actually shriveled up his soul until he cannot hope. The snow falls and covers the earth in a white robe; spring comes and the laughing brooks sing to each other and flowers send up their

fragrant offering to heaven; the summer comes and the heat that rises like a mist from the earth chokes the life; autumn, relentless as death, leaves the forests golden as the sun. All these come and go, and yet they bring him no lesson.

The bright flowers and sweet songsters do not move him; he has no ear for music; and seemingly his heart can not feel. God pity him and open his mind to see and to know Him "whom to know is life eternal."



A JAPANESE TREADMILL.

## ACROSS COUNTRY IN A VAN.

THROUGH MISSOURI, KANSAS, OKLAHOMA AND TEXAS, AND INTO OLD MEXICO.

BY MARY AVIS SCOTT.

### II.

**E**ASTERN KANSAS is replete with memories,—memories of the historic past. Here Cooper traced the Indians upon whom civilization encroached too rapidly. Here Washington Irving traveled in search of picturesque backwoodsmen. Here Jim Lane lived, fought and died; John Brown expended untold energies and inspired millions of men to work in Liberty's behalf; Quantrell murdered, burned and pillaged; the Benders committed unparalleled atrocities; the Daltons ran and ended their unenviable career. Kansas, the all-time scene of strife and bitter feeling, where even to-

day, true to her birthright, political enthusiasm and party strife run high, is as spotted as the leopard's skin. On this spot lies a farm than which a richer is not known, but on the adjacent spot—lo! the poor striver must contend with rocks, a little clay, but no good soil. In most unusual proximity here lie the farms from which "he who runs may read" most terrible fulfilment of the promise, "For he that hath, to him shall be given: and he that hath not, from him shall be taken even that which he hath."

But, of all Kansas, most interesting is the little city upon the Kaw,—the town where "Old Jim Lane" lived; where that



glorious fanatic, John Brown, made his first dash for liberty; and where, later, John Waller, now of international fame, published his paper and established his home. Lawrence, the sacked and burned, the Phoenix of the West, the scene and center of much and most of the border warfare of forty years ago; the tranquil, thriving business town and pleasant residence city of to-day! The very streets are odorous with mention of the past, named as they run from north to south in commemoration of Statehood, beginning with the States which first accepted the Articles of Confederation, and continuing to name them in the order in which they were admitted to the Union. In the naming of the cross streets, the names of the men who made our history,—as Eliot, Penn, Pinckney, Winthrop, Warren, Quincy, Adams, Hancock, Lincoln and Perry—were selected. What more fitting than that the center of freedom's conflict should be marked by this lasting tribute to the Union and the men who builded and maintained it! It were impossible for one who learns this city to escape a liberal education in American history, except upon the anomalous theory

that of that with which one is most familiar he is often most in ignorance.

Then there is the old fort near the University, so hastily and uselessly constructed in '63 to meet the guerrillas Quantrell led. What days those must have been! Who would not live in such stirring times? Thankful may we be that the days which moulded Quantrell brought forth also John Brown, the liberator.

In Lawrence are yet to be found many persons who remember these antagonistic personages, and it was with much interest that I heard those early days of conflict reviewed, and learned the estimate that time has placed upon the heroes in the minds of their intimates.

Quantrell was described to me as a man of many physical attractions, who made his first entrance into Kansas in the company of the Free State party, from which he banished himself by lawless deeds, until at last, finding himself quite out of sympathy with the one party, he entered heartily into the other and organized a regiment of desperate characters with whom to pillage. He carried on his operations all along the border and at



STREET SCENE IN THE CITY OF LAWRENCE, KANSAS.





THE KANSAS RIVER, LOOKING SOUTH FROM MASSACHUSETTS STREET, LAWRENCE.

last with his band, now numbering about three hundred men, of whom one hundred perhaps were picked sharpshooters, he entered Lawrence to destroy it.

On a sultry August morning in 1863, Quantrell entered this much contested little city with his splendidly mounted and thoroughly armed band and began operations by wantonly firing at every male citizen, of any age whatsoever, who chanced to be in sight. A small company of twenty-one young men, but recently enlisted and not yet equipped for the service, were first fired upon and seventeen of the number were ruthlessly murdered. By 9 A. M. the guerrillas were leaving Lawrence in flames. One hundred and eighty murdered men and boys and a city utterly destroyed excepting a very few houses which stood on the river bank, marked the success of the expedition. Several companies sent in pursuit reached Lawrence in time to see the city burning, but although Col. Jim Lane gathered up all the available citizens and followed after as well as could be on such horses as the invaders had left, no effectual pursuit could be made and Quantrell escaped.

Of Quantrell's end there are conflicting rumors. There are those who assert that he is still living in Mexico near the Texas

border. But most probably he was killed, as it seems fitting he should have been, in one of his mad raids in Kentucky.

Of John Brown, who, as Emerson has said, "made glorious the scaffold, as the cross has been glorified," much more pleasing are the memories. He came first to Kansas in 1855, for the avowed purpose of working in the cause of liberty, and adding his mite (or might) on the side of justice. A religious fanatic, undoubtedly, but a man of high principle, moved by religious zeal to a determination to carry out whatever he might undertake; and most prayerfully undertaking to fulfill his conceived destiny. "A man of God," who commanded the sincere respect of his associates, and whose associates were, almost without exception, men grand like himself and filled with sentiments of human fellowship. It is said that so universal was the feeling of respect for his principles and ideas, that never about the camp or in his presence was the slightest approach to either vulgarity or profanity heard.

The very fact that the conflict of arms so speedily followed John Brown's aggressiveness has led many men to think that he was secretly supported in his undertakings. Be that as it may, it is

probably not too much to say that the failure of the slave power of the South to dedicate this state to the institution of slavery brought on this war. From the foundation of our government up to 1860 the slave power controlled every department in the interests of slavery, and when it was evident that it could not continue to do so, the effort was made to destroy it. If slavery had been forced upon Kansas and Nebraska it might have postponed the conflict, but John Brown materially aided to defeat this purpose.

Possibly Jim Lane and Colonel Montgomery are entitled to as much credit as Brown, but we may not know with certainty. This much we know, that the operations of these men were a great

with which we sighted, in our journey the points to be identified with his labors in Kansas.

The Blue Mound, a high knoll about three miles from Lawrence, where the meetings of the Free State party were so frequently held because of the opportunities for observation that it afforded; the Eldridge House, the Free State hotel so many times destroyed and as many times rebuilt during those troublous times, all are full of interest.

But not entirely dependent upon the historic past is this little city on the Kaw.

There are other points of interest, such as the Old Wind Mill now on the road to ruin and decay, but which not ten years



HASKELL INSTITUTE

Government School for Indians at Lawrence, Kansas.

good to the territory of Kansas, the very boldness of which formed a strong protection to the Free State settlers and enabled them to maintain themselves against the encroachments of the slave power of the South and resulted in making Kansas a free state.

The tirelessness with which John Brown carried on his self-appointed task, the energy with which he traveled here and there, always upon the same labor intent, the consecration which enabled him to give himself and his children to the cause of freedom, the very ignominy of his death, are known to us all. There are few who can not conceive of the interest

since formed the power by which several manufactories were run.

Two magnificent educational institutions are also located here. The one the State University, which, with its many buildings, picturesquely occupies the hill termed Mt. Oread, can be seen from a considerable distance. The finest taxidermist in this country, the far-famed Prof. L. L. Dyche, has here his laboratory home. All those fine specimens of mounted animals which beautified the Kansas building at the World's Fair are housed in the museum of the University.

Here, also, is located the Haskell Institute, a Government school for Indian

children, established in the fall of 1884, and now in its twelfth year, the educational home of some five hundred native Americans, gathered here from almost every part of the Union which lies west of the Mississippi, and representing in all forty-two tribes. By the rules of the school, children are entered here at ages ranging between twelve and eighteen, and it is not the policy of the Government to accept those who are either over or under this specification. But, as in all undertakings of magnitude, the rule cannot be rigidly enforced. Where children are left without parents, and often in the case of living parents, who have themselves enjoyed the privileges of the school, and, appreciating its advantages, are so greedy for the little ones that their importunities cannot be resisted, children not more than six years old are sometimes taken. And what happy little tots they are! I visited the kindergarten, and am sure it would be quite impossible to find children anywhere to whom the kindergarten is more becoming; although I will confess that the unkempt, untutored condition of the ideal Indian was so totally lacking, not only here, but in every other department of the school, that,

while I was filled with amazement and gratification at the progress of our nation, I could not quite subdue a feeling of disappointment at the evidence, so plainly before me, that the Indian of romance is already a thing of the past, and the Indian of to-day is so rapidly approaching citizenship. One cannot in this place resist the knowledge that the day is at hand when the Indian shall be absorbed in the Federalist, and the native and transplanted Americans shall be indistinguishable.

My own ignorance on the subject of our advancement had, however, been so great that it was with astonishment that I asked of Supt. J. A. Swett if there were no full bloods in the primary department; and with strangeness sounded the reply, "Oh! no, there are very few full bloods of this age in the country." The pleasant tolerance of his smile as he said this assured me that mine was no unusual ignorance, notwithstanding its enormity.

So enthusiastically interested was I that I taxed Mr. Swett's time for several hours while we went from room to room and from building to building, from the small boys' building to the Assembly building where are located the recitation



FOOTBALL TEAM OF HASKELL INSTITUTE,  
Government School for Indians at Lawrence, Kansas. Season of 1896.



THE OLD WINDMILL NEAR LAWRENCE.

rooms and chapel. Here I found the senior class of five industriously intent upon a geometry recitation. Four bright girls and "the smartest boy in school" compose this class. I stood in the hallway to watch the students as they marched, with difficulty keeping time to the music of the orchestra played by some of their number.

I followed them to the large dining room, on the first floor of the girls' building, for the midday meal and noted with pleasure the spotless table linen of snowy white, the quiet intentness with which the meal progressed, and the perfect order which I was by this time convinced was everywhere observed. In the afternoon I visited the shops, going from the paint shop to the wagon shop, thence to the blacksmith's, then to the tailor's and the bootmaker's; from these to the harness shop, and by easy stages on to the laundry and the general repair shop, past the largest barn in Kansas, every nail in which was driven by the Indian boys. There remained yet the hospital and the sewing room for girls; but, foot-sore and weary from too much enjoyment, I felt it would never do to see it all.

In these shops are made by the students all articles of clothing which are worn in the school except the overcoats, hats and socks. And, moreover, from

these shops are yearly shipped as many as eighty wagons and two hundred and seventy-five sets of harness made entirely by the students.

Every pupil here goes to school the half of each day and works at that for which he is best fitted—by age, strength and inclination—for the other half of the work day. The girls help in the house-work, the sewing and the ironing, while the boys are to be found in the laundry and the shops.

The literary training here received is equivalent to that which is done to and inclusive of the first year in the high school of our public school system. In addition

to which there is a normal department from which last year there were graduated seven young people, five of whom are now teaching; one is matron of a school and the seventh is a student of promise in the law department of the "K. U." The boys and girls are kept entirely separate, being housed in different buildings; but once a month they mingle in a social held in the chapel or in summer on the beautiful lawn. Recently they have been permitted one evening a month in which the boys may call upon the girls in the social hall of their building. These evenings are intended to teach social refinement and culture, and most thoroughly do they succeed if one may judge from the conduct of the students.

The religious training consists of silent grace before each meal, Sunday morning church privilege in town at any church desired, Sunday School at three and evening service at seven in the chapel and a Monday morning chapel assemblage.

Disobedience is punished by depriving the culprit of some pleasure, very often some unnecessary eatable, and, in extreme cases, confinement in a guard house.

But so wisely is this institution managed, and so greatly have the Indians

profited thereby, that it almost seems an apology should be made to them by one who thought that they and their school would seem different from the average high grade institution of learning, untrammelled by lack of means. The best commentary on the work of this institution is that it makes possible a proper recognition of our existing civilization. This fact was strikingly exemplified by

the circumstance that Yale's treatment of Bryan, on his visit to New Haven during last fall's campaign, was formally rebuked by the Indians of this institution, not from any especial interest in Bryan, but as the deliberate judgment of these Indian boys and youths that the affront to free speech which was offered a presidential candidate was "conduct which shows a lack of civilization."



## REPRESENTATIVE MEN.

GOVERNOR RICHARDS OF WYOMING.

BY LEIGH LESLIE.

**I**N Southwestern Wisconsin, near the meeting point of three great states, is a gracious village where peace and virtue obtain, and where nature has bestowed some of her choicest gifts. To the west a few miles the mighty Mississippi rolls silently on its way to the sea; to the south the bluffs of Galena rear their ragged heads high in the air; while to the north and to the east as far as the eye can reach stretches a goodly prospect of hills and vales and woods, of rich pastures and lowing herds and fields of ripening grain.

It was here, of a blustery day in March, eight and forty years ago, that William Alford Richards was born. His father, Truman Perry Richards, was a native of New York, and his mother, Eleanor Swinnerton, was born in Ohio. The head of the American branch of the Richards family came to this country in colonial days, and his progeny resided in Massachusetts and in New York for many years. The parents of Truman Perry Richards and the parents of Eleanor Swinnerton migrated to central Illinois in 1823. In the early forties Truman Perry Richards and the handsome young woman with whom he had wedded gathered together all of their worldly possessions and set out in a "prairie schooner" for the lead mines of South-

western Wisconsin, locating at Hazel Green. The husband was in turn miner, mechanic and farmer, doing whatever came to his hand, as poor men in a new country must do; but doing well all that his hand found to do. He was pious, industrious, honest; and all the influences that went out from his life were sweet and ennobling. This good man instilled into the minds of his children the principles of morality, and taught them the value of time and the dignity and the necessity of labor.

William Alford Richards went to the village school and worked in the mine, in the shop and on the farm. He was a strong, healthy, high-spirited boy, but he had little time to engage in those sports which usually excite the ardor of youth. At the age of eleven he plowed forty acres of land in order that a younger brother might remain at school. When he was fourteen years old he left home to join his elder brother Alonzo in the Army of the Potomac; but, on his arrival at the front, he was denied enlistment on account of his age. This was a sore disappointment to him, but he made up his mind not to return home. He sought and obtained a position as ambulance driver.

At the age of seventeen this sturdy, ambitious youth was teaching a country school in Wisconsin. He had been a

diligent student and was a successful teacher. He continued to teach school for three years, spending his vacations in the harvest-field. His parents meantime had moved to Galena, and there, in 1869, he made the acquaintance of General Grant, the great soldier afterward becoming one of his warm personal friends.

In 1869 the pioneer spirit he had inherited impelled him westward. His first stop was at Omaha, where he procured

which aided greatly in making his former employé a governor.

Before the close of the year Mr. Richards had joined a government surveying party and gone farther west. For surveying work he was particularly well fitted by nature, being strong of body, clear-headed and absolutely honest and impartial in dealing with men. He supplemented his practical experience in the field with



GOVERNOR RICHARDS OF WYOMING.

employment in a lumber yard piling lumber. Omaha was then overcrowded with men, and it was no easy task for one to get work of any kind. The faithfulness with which young Richards did his work won for him the firm friendship of his employer, who is now one of the most extensive lumber dealers in the United States. In the campaign of 1894 this gentleman, although of opposite political faith, wrote a letter of commendation

arduous study, thus becoming a first-rate surveyor and civil engineer.

In the next few years many vicissitudes befell him. He studied law in the office of Judge Wakely at Omaha. For a time he had charge of the money order and registry department of the Omaha post-office. Then he was employed on the survey of the boundaries of Wyoming, and when those boundaries were completed he returned to Nebraska and continued work

on the public surveys of that state, afterwards becoming a reporter for the *Omaha Tribune* and the *Omaha Republican*.

In the seven years that Mr. Richards was engaged on the public surveys he came in frequent contact with the Indians. Vast herds of buffalo covered the plains, and the red men roamed at will, sure of subsistence wherever they might be. The Indians looked upon all white men as intruders; they had a particular aversion to surveyors, for surveyors always foreshadowed the coming of set-

by the government to earn his own livelihood or starve.

In the late seventies Mr. Richards went from Nebraska to California, where he divided his time between surveying and farming. In the Sand Lot campaign of 1879 he was elected County Surveyor of Santa Clara county, of which San Jose is the capital. He built up a large practice and was in a fair way to accumulate a fortune, when from overwork he became ill, physicians informing him that he had consumption



MRS. RICHARDS,  
Wife of the Governor of Wyoming.

tlers. The business of surveying was thus attended with great danger and many hardships. The surveyors had constantly to be on their guard against attacks by the savages. Mr. Richards is not a lover of the Indian. He has had an opportunity to study carefully the nature of the red man, and he has been able to discover in it little else than treachery and brutality. He thinks that every Indian should be allotted a reasonable amount of land, and should then be told

and could not live a year. In 1881 he left California sick and penniless, all his savings having been lost because of his inability to make further payments on real estate in which he had invested. He went to Colorado Springs, with only the knowledge of his profession for capital, but determined to recover his health and to take a new start in life. Within two years he was elected County Surveyor of El Paso county and City Engineer of





GOVERNOR RICHARDS' DAUGHTERS,  
Alice, Edith and Edna.

Colorado Springs, his health meantime having much improved.

For years Mr. Richards had cherished a desire to return to Wyoming, believing that there was a rich future in store for that territory; so in 1884 he resigned his official positions and set out for the Big Horn Valley, locating at a point 175 miles from any railroad and going to work to reclaim a tract of desert land and to make a home for himself and family. In this undertaking he was successful, being one of the first to practically demonstrate the great possibilities of irrigation. He erected a house with his own hands, worked early and late and was happy.

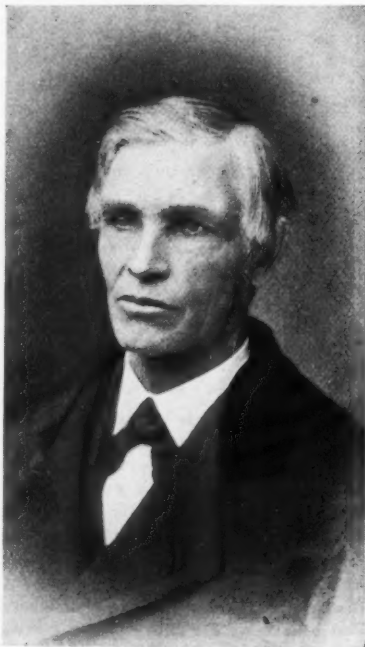
He had not been in Wyoming long when he was elected a County Commissioner, having been nominated by both parties.

Living in the midst of a great cattle range he familiarized himself with the stock business, and in 1889 he was made manager of a large cattle company and went to work on the round-up. While so employed he was appointed, by President Harrison, United States Surveyor-General for Wyoming, whereupon he moved to Cheyenne. He made an enviable record in this important office, the ability with which its business was conducted contributing largely to the advancement of the state. He had been in office four

years and three months when President Cleveland appointed his successor. He then returned to his ranch at Red Bank and reëngaged in the occupation of farming and stock-raising. However, he was not permitted long to remain there. In 1894 he was unanimously nominated by the Republican state convention for Governor of Wyoming, and received the largest vote ever given a candidate for governor of that state, having a good ma-

ajority over the Democratic and the Populistic candidate combined.

Governor Richards had always kept in



TRUMAN PERRY RICHARDS,  
Of Hazel Green, Wisconsin, Father of Governor Richards.





FROM A LOG HOUSE TO THE GOVERNORSHIP.

The home of Governor Richards, at Red Bank, Montana. The house was built by the Governor himself, and he was occupying it at the time of his nomination and election.

close touch with the plain people of his state, and he made his campaign directly with them. He was nominated and elected not on account of wealth, for he had it not. It is probable that no other candidate for governor ever went through a campaign at so small an outlay of money. Having the confidence of the people, knowing their needs, and discussing the issues before them fairly, fearlessly and persuasively, he was greeted enthusiastically wherever he went; and at no time did he doubt that he should be triumphant at the polls.

Governor Richards has been in office less than two years, but in that short space of time he has given ample evidence that he possesses superior executive ability and sound judgment. He was treated with the greatest courtesy and respect by the last legislature. His appointments to office, of which there were more than any of his predecessors had been called upon to make, were exceptionally popular, every one of them being confirmed in open session. The recent trouble with the Bannock Indians called for prompt, decisive action on the



WILLIAM ALFORD RICHARDS.

From a photo taken in Omaha early in the Seventies.

part of the Governor, and he was equal to the occasion. There may be honest difference of opinion as to the causes of that trouble and as to where the blame should rest, but there is no question that the Governor of Wyoming took proper action in the matter, by his energetic, well-directed efforts averting much bloodshed, and fully protecting the interests of the state. The course he pursued has been endorsed by the people irrespective of their party affiliations.

Governor Richards is a self-made man in the truest and best sense. Equipped with but a common school education, without wealth, without influential friends except such as have been attracted to him by the strength of his character, he has gone valorously forward, surmounting obstacles that a man of less determination would have deemed insuperable, never allowing himself to become disheartened, never suffering the flames of honorable ambition within him to be extinguished, never leaving the path of rectitude, never losing his faith in God and in his fellow men. His career has been marked by integrity, perseverance, sa-

gacity and industry. He possesses a sound, shrewd sense and keen powers of perception; he is quick to determine the practicability of things, and it is rare that he goes amiss in his judgment of men and measures.

When he was twenty-six years of age, at Oakland, California, Mr. Richards took Harriett Alice Hunt to be his wife. Four daughters have blessed this union, three of whom are living. The eldest of these beautiful girls, Alice, is private secretary to the Governor. Mrs. Richards, who is descended from an old and honored New York family, is a lady of rare graces of heart and mind; and to her loyal devotion does her husband owe much. When broken in health and ruined in fortune, it was to his gentle, gracious, sympathetic wife that he turned for solace and cheer. During all the years that have come and gone since they were wedded she has sympathized with him in his troubles, counseled with him in his doubts, and rejoiced with him in his successes, always giving prompt response to his demands upon her pure, sweet, womanly love and faith.



## HER REWARD.

NO PÆANS from the lute of Fame  
 She sought, no trophy-laden wain,  
 All flecked in battle's crimson rain;  
 No coronal, entwined  
 With fairest wreathen immortelles,  
 To proudly wear, no silver bells  
 Her deeds to clang o'er marts and dells,  
 With dew-kissed idyls chimed.

'Mid lowly life she served and wrought,  
 Her wealth of ministry, unbought,  
 Came as the summer blooms, and fraught  
 With balm for human needs.  
 Hers, to apportion smiles and tears,  
 To calm the sufferer's midnight fears,  
 And all along the flying years  
 Strew Charity's good deeds.

Hers, amid squalor and despair,  
 To rear the twilight altar, where  
 The matin hymn, the vesper prayer,  
 Bade Hope once more abide.  
 Sweet recompense! the love-tears flow!  
 The warm hand-clasp impassioned so!  
 Beyond the stars—we know! we know!—  
 Her jewels safely hide.

Wallace A. Gorham.

## THE WIDOW OF STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS AND HER WASHINGTON HOME.

BY JULIETTE M. BABBITT.

IT HARDLY seems possible that thirty-six years have flown since I, an Iowa school-girl, hurrahed for my first presidential candidate, Stephen A. Douglas. We were pretty evenly divided, politically, and all too often did we neglect our books for heated discussion of the situation, and proudly did we of the Democratic side wear our Douglas and Johnson badges. I have mine yet, in good condition. Very highly, too, did I prize a page from an illustrated paper—I do not remember what one—whereon appeared a picture of Douglas' beautiful young wife in a rose-trimmed ball dress. Had anyone told me then that I would some day have the pleasure of beholding the original, I would have considered the prediction too delightful ever to be realized.

The "Little Giant" fell in love with his wife at first sight,—and no wonder, for Adèle Cutts was one of the most beautiful girls ever seen in Washington. She was tall and superbly formed, with large, expressive dark eyes, rose-tinted cheeks and abundant golden-brown hair. People turned to look after her as she passed, but she had little vanity, and never seemed conscious of the admiration which she excited. She was about nineteen when the famous Illinois Senator—a widower with two sons—won her from other competitors for her hand.

Her first home was a large, stuccoed house on

the corner of Lafayette Square and H street, which was built by her grandfather, Richard Cutts, of Maine. He belonged to a prominent family of that State when it was still a part of Massachusetts; was a member of its Legislature and in Congress from 1801 to 1813. In 1804 he married Anna Payne, a younger sister of Mrs. "Dolly" Madison; was afterwards Superintending General of Military Affairs and Second Comptroller of the Treasury. His son, James Madison Cutts—Adèle's father—held the latter office during the Buchanan administration and until his death in 1863.

This son married Miss Ellen O'Neill, a Maryland belle and beauty, and took her on their wedding trip to Montpelier, the



MRS. ADELE CUTTS WILLIAMS.



MISS ELLEN WILLIAMS.

home of his venerable namesake and his beloved aunt Dolly; then installed her as mistress of his father's house, his mother having died two years before. His father had been very rich, and owned a great deal of property in Washington, The square—on one corner of which his house stood—was then a big garden, in which his grandchildren played—but not for long, for when he died there was little left for the family. His wealth had disappeared—much of it in North Carolina gold mines, which swallowed many a fortune of that day—and the home had been mortgaged to Mr. Madison for a comparatively small sum. After his death, Mrs. Madison lived in it until she, too, passed away; then it became the home of Admiral Wilkes. It now belongs to the Cosmos Club, and has been changed a good deal, inside and out, the entrance now being on H street, instead

of Lafayette Square. It is generally spoken of as "the Madison house," the man who built it and lived in it so long being seldom mentioned.

Senator Douglas took his bride to a big, gray, "grouted" brick house, which stood at the upper end of a terraced garden—a wedge-shaped piece of ground between New Jersey Avenue and First street and H and I streets—inclosed by a high wall. The house fronted on the avenue, and there was quite an elaborate portico. Some twenty-one years ago the entire lot was covered with houses, and two houses had been made of the old one,—a speculation which, I believe, did not greatly benefit the family. Not long after his marriage, Senator Douglas built a new and more spacious house on the corner of I and Second streets, a short distance from the old one. It was a plain, double brick, with a fine ball-room at the back, which was the scene of many a brilliant entertainment. After his death the family returned to the old home, and, some years later, the new one was purchased by Justice Bradley, who lived in it until his death. It is now the residence of Archbishop Martinelli, successor to Cardinal Satolli.

There were two other double brick houses, adjoining, and built about the same time. The third in the row was presented to General Grant by his friends. He lived in it for a while; then it became

MRS. STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.  
(Now Mrs. Williams.)

From a portrait by Healy.

the home of General Sherman, and was the scene of the beautiful wedding of his daughter, Minnie, and Lieutenant Fitch. There are four houses, now, instead of the original three, two having been made of the last one by the addition of a wide hall on the west side. This has, for a number of years, been the home of ex-Mayor M. G. Emory.

About the close of the War, Mrs. Douglas became the wife of General Robert Williams, who belonged to a fine old Virginia family, and was one of the handsomest and most distinguished officers in the army. It was a genuine love match, and right willingly did she follow her husband from post to post, as an army woman must. The time, until about six years ago, was spent in Fort Leavenworth, Omaha and Chicago. Then they returned to Washington, took a house on Hillyer Place, and got together long-stored furniture, pictures and other things too valuable or too heavy to move about. For the last three years they have lived in a pleasant house on the corner of P and Twenty-first streets. The General having retired, Washington will, in all probability, be their permanent home.

General Williams' health has been far from good since his return, and his wife seldom leaves him. She is devoted to him and their children, and, greatly to the regret of her friends, is rarely seen in society. Time has touched her kindly. Her abundant hair, much darker than in her youth, is worn combed plainly back, as she wore it then, and is only lightly sprinkled with gray. Her figure is as slender and erect as a girl's, and her large, dark eyes are as expressive. Her manner is natural and unaffected, and she is charming in conversation.

There are three sons and three daughters, all tall and exceed-

ingly well favored. Robert, the eldest, is in the army and stationed at Fort Sheridan, near Chicago. Philip, in the navy, is the only married one, having wedded, last April, Miss Corinna Harrison, a lovely "navy" girl. James, the youngest, is in a railroad office in Salt Lake. Two of the daughters, Ellen—or Lelly, as she is always called—and Adèle, are in society and very popular. They are accomplished and charming girls, the eldest dark-haired and dark-eyed, the other a blonde, with rosy cheeks and a profusion of golden hair. Mildred, the youngest,—a slip of a school-girl,—promises to be her mother over again in looks. She is quite an artist. A charming and much-loved member of the family is Mrs. Williams' mother, Mrs. Cutts, a lovely little old lady, with snowy curls, a sweet face and most engaging manner.

In this pleasant home are many pieces of valuable old furniture, rare paintings—among them a Virgin and Child, by



MISS ADELE C. WILLIAMS.



MISS MILDRED WILLIAMS.

Carlo Dolci, and a wonderful picture of the Crucifixion, said to have been by Caracci—and many other interesting things, including a goodly number of rare old books; also some pretty custard cups and

other bits of china which belonged to Mrs. Madison, and the greater part of a large set—white with delicate green wreaths—which was used in her grandfather's house long before Mrs. Williams was born. Among the family portraits are those of Richard Cutts and his wife, Anna Payne, by the famous Gilbert Stuart; a charming one of Mrs. Madison, portraits of Mrs. Williams' parents, and one of herself, by Healy. The last is a large picture, almost full length, and as beautifully fresh as if finished but recently. It was painted about the time of her first marriage. The dark hair, with glints of gold through it, is combed smoothly down and coiled low at the back of the shapely head. A simple white gown, of some thin material, has a very full, plain skirt and low

"baby" waist. The picture I send does it little justice, giving only the head and shoulders and none of the exquisite coloring. The other pictures, far from satisfactory, are the best that can be obtained.

## THE FAIR ISLANDS.

I THINK there be fair islands in the seas;  
 'Round their bright shores the emerald ocean flows,  
 And blushing lovers walk and woo in those.  
 I think there be unstoried Straphades,  
 And from their sunny sands no sailor flees;  
 For there no Harpies are; and there the rose  
 Grows redder, and the lily whiter blows.  
 And often have I yearned to dwell in these.  
 But were I there, methinks in little time,  
 As I should wander by the silver strand,  
 My soul would languish with a deeper pain,—  
 A fiercer pining for that far-off clime,  
 Where the strong cattle roam the prairie land,  
 And waves the wheat o'er all the golden plain.

*Will Dillman.*



COURT IN HOSPICIO AT GUADALAJARA.

Accompanying "Grant's Life in the West."  
From a photo sent Colonel Emerson by U. S. Consul General Crittenden, City of Mexico.



## GRANT'S LIFE IN THE WEST AND HIS MISSISSIPPI VALLEY CAMPAIGNS.

BY COL. JOHN W. EMERSON.

(Engravings from drawings and photographs furnished chiefly by Mrs. E. Butler Johnson.)

(Began in the October Midland Monthly.)

### CHAPTER XIV.

#### GRANT AT THE SIEGE OF VERA CRUZ.

GRANT'S devotion to duty as Quartermaster and Commissary, and his ambition to serve in the line with his regiment in any fighting in which it might engage, imposed upon him double duty, or, rather, a double burden. It is true that part of it was self-imposed which related to his duty in line, for as Quartermaster and Commissary of the regiment he was relieved from duty in line, or from participating in battle. Indeed, technically, it was his duty to look after the property and supplies of the regiment, and, if he left that duty and went off with his regiment into battle (as he did at Monterey), and any disaster befell the property in his official custody, he was liable to court-martial. But Lieutenant Grant was as stubborn and determined as General Grant was afterwards found to be. So energetic was he in the care of the property in his charge, that, notwithstanding he was absent from it while in battle, the records in the War Department show that *Grant lost less Government property during the Mexican War than any other regimental Quartermaster in the army.*

Before nightfall on the day of disembarkation at Vera Cruz, Grant had the tents, camp equipage and stores of his regiment safely landed. It was not his duty to select camp-ground and lay out camp, but he seemed to have such an apt eye to location, that the commanding officer had heretofore directed him to locate and make camp. On this occasion, as soon as the regimental *impedimenta* were ashore, Grant reported to his Colonel at the front, and, there being no

indication of any attack by the enemy, fifty men were detailed to bring forward the tents and such supplies as were in immediate need. Before darkness had hidden the view, the tents of the Fourth Regiment were stretched and the coffee kettles were steaming. Not another tent had as yet appeared on the entire line of the army. Before midnight a few officers' tents were stretched in the rear of two or three other brigades; but it was not until the second and third days that other regiments were thus supplied.

Grant never seemed in a hurry; but he was so methodical that he knew, and made his help know, precisely where everything was. No time was lost, and no two steps were ever taken where one step would suffice. It was this characteristic which left his affairs always in order, nothing ever behind, and he ready at the first sound of battle to go charging into the thickest of it, and when the battle was over, to return again as suddenly to his other duties.

And then, after the other duties for the day were performed, he on more than one occasion reappeared on the battlefield in the darkness, ministering to the suffering. All this never seemed supererogation to Grant. To him it seemed only the natural thing to do. The regulations were to be respected and obeyed, but to him duty was not bounded or measured by them. With him all must be done that the good of the service, or the good of his fellows, needed to be done. Less than this he esteemed a failure. And no officer in the service tried harder than he, and with less ostentation and pretense, to fill the full measure of soldierly responsibility embodied



in the words of Nelson at Trafalgar—"England expects every man to do his duty."

Now when the army and its arms and supplies were safely landed and ready for active hostilities, Grant felt the restraints and burden of Quartermaster and Commissary unbearable. His determination to be at the front in case of fighting was in conflict with his duty to care for and protect the public property under his charge. He therefore once more asked to be relieved from duty as Quartermaster and Commissary; but was again refused. "Your services are satisfactory and cannot be dispensed with," was the Colonel's answer. Grant then made a personal appeal to his Brigade Commander, but he would take no action without consent of the commanding officer of the regiment. Next day he called upon General Worth, his Division Commander, and urged his request, but met with no success. "Of course, such a request must come through your Regimental Headquarters," added General Worth.

Then Grant wrote a formal resignation as Quartermaster and Commissary, and delivered it to his Colonel, but it was soon returned to him with this indorsement:

I. The resignation of Lieutenant Grant is not accepted, and Lieutenant Grant is informed that the duty of Quartermaster and Commissary is an *assigned* duty, and not an *office* that can be resigned. As this duty was imposed by a military order from a superior officer, the duty cannot be evaded except by a like order relieving Lieutenant Grant from the duty.

II. The good of the service requires that Lieutenant Grant continue to perform the duties of Quartermaster and Commissary in the Fourth Infantry. However valuable his services might be, and certainly would be, *in line*, his services in his present assigned duties cannot be dispensed with, and Lieutenant Grant will continue in their discharge.

To this Grant objected. He indorsed on the paper:

I should be permitted to resign the position of Quartermaster and Commissary. Why should I be required to resign my position in the Army in order to escape this duty? I *must* and *will* accompany my regiment in battle, and I am amenable to court-martial should any loss occur to the public property in my charge by reason of my absence while in action.

This protest was forwarded to Brigade Headquarters where the decision of his

Regimental Commander was "approved," and with a like indorsement of "approved," at Division and General Headquarters, it finally found its way into the War Department at Washington.

Finding no way by which he could be relieved he notified his superiors that while he would take all possible precautions to protect the property under his care, they might rely upon it that he would be in line with his regiment in every engagement; that it was as much his *privilege* as an officer to fight as it was his *duty* as Quartermaster to protect the public property.

The contention thus ended, and Grant went on to the end of the war, performing double duty.

As soon as the effective fighting force of the army, its siege guns, field artillery and supplies needed for immediate use, were in hand, a force was sent out under the engineer corps and staff, to reconnoiter the defenses of Vera Cruz, and prepare for the investment and siege.\*

At that time it was a walled city from shore to shore, with formidable forts at every salient point and angle, in which were mounted nearly four hundred cannon, many of them of heavy calibre.

The most formidable fort was San Juan de Ulloa, which stands on a small island, a thousand yards or more from shore, in front of the city. In those days this was an enclosed fortress of great strength, with many heavy guns—so strong indeed that our men of war did not care to seriously attack it; certainly not until other efforts should fail.

One of the earliest shots fired from the fort took off the head of Colonel Albertis. The army soon drew a cordon around the city, and entrenched as near as possible without too great exposure to the formidable fire from the enemy's artillery.

Under cover of darkness earthworks were thrown up, batteries were entrenched and siege guns placed in position to be opened against the walls. Rifle-pits and trenches were made for the

\*See view of Vera Cruz and map of the city's fortifications in the February MIDLAND.

sharpshooters, and to cover such infantry supports as might be needed to repel any attempted sortie from the forts; at the same time the main army was within supporting distance, should the siege batteries be attacked by infantry.

Strange to say, though the place was defended by 5,000 Mexican troops, no attempt was made to capture the batteries or to repulse our army.

The change of the position of the army, from the seashore to the line of investment, made it necessary for Grant to move his quartermaster and commissary quarters around to the new line. By this time he had his wagons and horses and mules on land, the wagons set up and loaded, and his supplies again on hand at the rear of his regiment, so the men did not have to go untented a single night; and this, too, notwithstanding he had himself marched with the line, anticipating a possible battle before the investment was effected. But no combat occurred, and Grant returned and hastened up his train. Some of the regiments did not get their tents during the entire siege, which lasted three weeks, owing to the confusion resulting from want of system in the management by their quartermasters. Of course it required executive ability, fine system,

much care and watchfulness amid the turmoil of such a disembarkation to avoid the mixing and misplacement of goods, involving great loss of time in recovering them.

After the investment was complete, and General Scott had his land batteries in position to bombard the city, he sent a courteous letter to the Governor or commandant, demanding its surrender, and notifying the foreign consuls of his intended attack, and giving them permission to leave. To this he received the following characteristic reply, which is still to be seen in the War Department in Washington:

GOD AND LIBERTY.

VERA CRUZ, March 22, 1847.  
TO MAJOR GENERAL SCOTT—The undersigned, Commanding General of the free and sovereign State of Vera Cruz, has informed himself of the contents of the note which Major General Scott, General-in-Chief of the forces of the United States, has addressed to him under date of to-day, demanding the surrender of this place and Castle of San Juan de Ulloa, and in answer has to say that the above named fortress, as well as the city depends on his authority; and it being his principal duty, in order to prove worthy the confidence placed in him by the government of the nation, to defend both points at all cost, to which he counts upon the necessary elements, and will make it good to the last; therefore, his Excellency can commence his operations of war in a manner which he may consider most advantageous.

The undersigned has the honor to return to the General-in-Chief of the forces of the United States the demonstrations of esteem he may be pleased to honor him with.

JUAN MORALES.



ANCIENT MOUND OF CHOLULA, NEAR THE CITY OF PUEBLA, MEXICO. VISITED BY GRANT IN 1847.

Immediately after the receipt of this refusal to surrender, orders were issued for the batteries to open fire, and they did so at four P. M.

That evening a number of additional heavy guns were landed from the navy, also several mortars, and they were also speedily placed in battery.

The siege progressed with great vigor. The fire of General Scott's batteries was incessant, and soon began to show effects on the strong walls.

Grant was as much interested in the work of the engineers, in the placing and operation of the batteries, as he would

along the line to observe the effect of the fire of a new battery. They had gone to an elevated point, had dismounted and were using their glasses. Grant and Beauregard concluded they would go to a small abandoned adobe building fifty yards in advance and look through an opening.

They had not been many minutes gazing cityward when a shell came circling through the air, dashed down through the roof and penetrated some distance into the earth floor, exploding and pulverizing the walls and roof in one mass of ruin, burying the two young officers in



THE ANCIENT MOUND SURMOUNTED WITH MODERN SPANISH-MEXICAN SHRINE.

have been had he been in charge of the work. Not a day passed in which Grant did not find time to ride with some of the engineer officers to some portions of the lines. Sometimes their efforts to take close observations put them in perilous situations.

On one occasion, Grant fell in with Captain Robert E. Lee\* and Lieutenants Beauregard, McClellan and G. W. Smith, of the Engineer Corps, who were riding

the debris, and filling the air with the dry dust of the powdered clay.

Captain Lee and other officers ran forward to rescue the two who had so quickly been put *hors de combat*; but before they reached the place where the hut had stood, the two were vigorously scrambling out of their burial place, covered with dirt, and their eyes, ears and nostrils so filled that they were nearly suffocated. But after a little coughing and sneezing they found they were not otherwise injured and they betook themselves to safer points of observation.

\*A portrait of Robert E. Lee, taken just before the Mexican War, appears in *THE MIDLAND* of October, 1896.

A few mornings later, several officers of the engineer corps were passing along the line of investment on a tour of inspection of the batteries. Grant's regiment was on the infantry line some distance in the rear, but he saw the officers as they were passing from one battery to another, and galloped off to join them that he might know what was going on at the extreme front. He had just overtaken them when a round shot from one of the forts came circling over an intervening elevation, and cut off the head of Lieutenant Foster's horse, not two feet in advance of Grant's. Grant dismounted, loosened the saddle from the dead animal, threw it on a horse behind an orderly, and the two Lieutenants mounted Grant's horse and quietly proceeded along the lines with their inspection as if nothing had occurred. These incidents were of such frequent occurrence that they attracted very little comment in the army at the time, at least not enough to find their way into the methodical and technical histories of the war.

On the 24th, the foreign consuls sent a petition to General Scott asking a suspension of hostilities and an opportunity for themselves and the women and children to leave the city. This he declined, reminding them that he had given them due notice and ample time before the bombardment began and they had not availed themselves of the opportunity.

All night and next day the batteries were in "awful activity." All the war ships that could float within range, poured a ceaseless shower of shot and shell into the fort or Castle of San Juan de Ulloa, and shot and shell rained into the doomed city from the land batteries. The scene was frightful. The darkness of night was illuminated. The roar of artillery on sea and land, the rattle of falling shot and the screeching and explosion of shells resounded in every recess of the besieged city. The streets were torn up into caverns and craters where huge shells exploded, and buildings came tumbling in ruined heaps. Roofs were set on fire. Church steeples were pierced and shat-

tered. People were torn in pieces, or buried under the ruins of their homes, and there were shouts and cries of distress on every side. The sea was reddened with blaze of flashing guns from the ships, from the forts, and from circling and exploding shells.

The great guns in San Juan de Ulloa were ablaze night and day—a sheet of flame streaming out from every embrasure, making night luminous and hideous with deafening explosions and circling streams of fire through the heavens; and thus the work of death and destruction ceased not, nor slackened until the evening of the 25th of March. Then the devastation had become so terrible that the foreign consuls prevailed upon General Morales to propose to General Scott a truce, with the view of arranging terms of surrender; and thereupon firing ceased.

On the twenty-sixth, commissioners were appointed on both sides, and, on the twenty-seventh, terms of capitulation were agreed upon.

Active hostilities had continued for fifteen days. During this time our army had thrown more than 3,000 ten-inch shells, 300 howitzer shells, 1,200 paixhan shot and 3,000 round shot, weighing not less than 500,000 pounds.

The destruction and devastation which they caused within the city were terrible. Breaches had been effected in the walls, and General Scott would have stormed the city had it held out a day longer. The castle of San Juan de Ulloa might have held out a few days longer, but the city would have been a heap of ruins, and the final result was inevitable.

The terms of capitulation were in substance, that the Mexican army should march out with the honors of war and be paroled, and their colors, when lowered, should be saluted.

Absolute protection was guaranteed to citizens and all private property. All arms and munitions were given up to the captors. About 5,000 prisoners surrendered and were paroled, and nearly 500

cannon, with some 20,000 small arms, were taken.

At ten A. M., March 29, 1847, the banner of the United States was unfurled to the breeze over the famous fortress of San Juan de Ulloa, the land fortresses and the city, amid the shouts and cheers of our army on sea and shore.

This siege is regarded by military students as a remarkable feat of arms and a very brilliant achievement.

General Worth\* was placed in command of the city and forts, and General Scott instantly prepared to march into the interior, in the vigorous prosecution of his campaign against the City of Mexico.

Lieutenant Grant, at the time and afterwards, told this anecdote of General Scott:

One day during the siege he went forward to the siege batteries to see what was going on. The fire from the forts was heavy. Scott came along the trenches on his daily inspection and saw some of the men exposed. He instantly ordered, "Down, down, men! Don't expose yourselves." One of them answered, "But General, *you* are exposed." "Oh!" said Scott, *generals* can be made now-a-days out of most anybody, but *men* cannot be made to order!"

## CHAPTER XV.

### GRANT AT THE BATTLE OF CERRO GORDO.

A few days later, Scott's army confronted the Mexicans again at Cerro Gordo. Grant was promptly in line of march with his quartermaster and commissary stores complete; at the same time he never failed in duty and helpfulness in line with his regiment.

General Twiggs was in command of the advanced forces, and moved forward on the national road toward Jalapa, sixty or seventy miles by the tortuous road and perhaps a third of that distance on a direct line. This city is high up in the mountains, and the supposed impregnable position of Cerro Gordo intervenes in the mountain fastnesses.

\*Portrait of General Worth appeared in the January MIDLAND.

The road then passed nearly the entire distance to Jalapa through the estates of Santa Anna, and his lands extended for great distances on either side of it. Much of this is of good quality; but little of it was then in cultivation. Some of it was rented for grazing cattle, but Santa Anna owned immense herds of his own, forty or fifty thousand it was estimated—though probably a few less when the American army retraced its steps a year later.

General Twiggs soon reached the defiles at Cerro Gordo. The little hamlet of Plan Del Rio lay below and out of range of the first line of Mexican batteries.

He found the Mexican army in strong position in steep, inaccessible places, and after making an ineffectual demonstration in which he lost nearly one hundred men, he retired and waited the arrival of General Patterson's division.

This being reported to General Scott, who had remained at Vera Cruz to hasten forward reinforcements and supplies, he ordered Worth's division to the front and himself proceeded thither.

A reconnoissance convinced General Scott of the immense difficulty of a direct assault.

The engineers under Capt. R. E. Lee, were therefore directed to find a route by which the American army might reach the rear of the Mexican position without attacking them in front of their entrenchments.

After immense difficulties a road was cut along the cliffs of the mountains, and over deep ravines, and precipitous gorges, hitherto never dreamed of by the Mexicans as being accessible to an army, or even to the most daring hunters. This route passed around a spur of mountain which completely shut off all view of the movement of Scott's army from the Mexicans, until the road had been so completed that it was made possible for the army to move on it, and carry with it several pieces of light artillery. This, however, had to be taken to pieces, and pulled and dragged by the men with ropes, let down the declivities by holding it back,



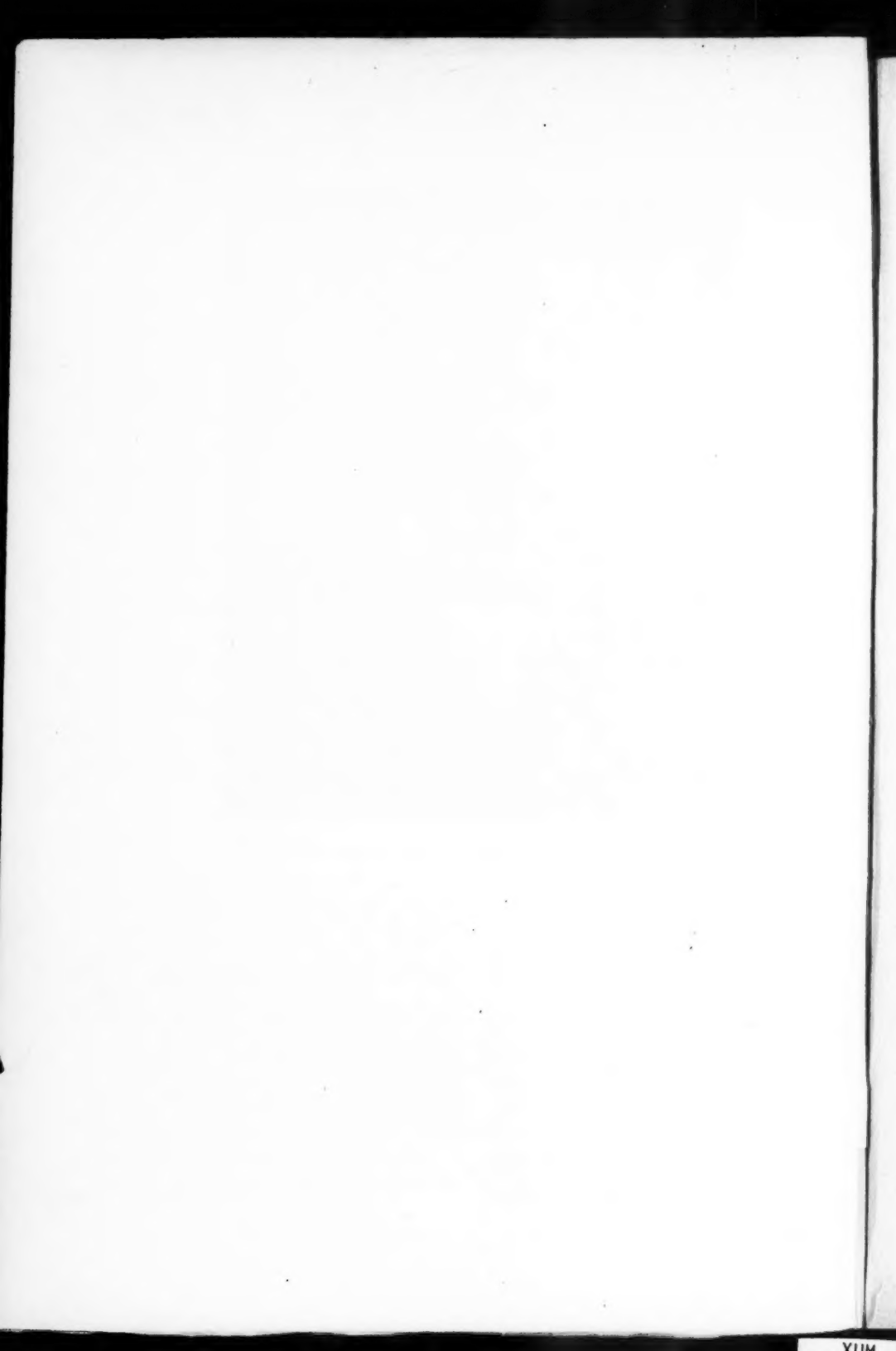
One of the three photographs of Grant taken by Henning, at Galena, Illinois, after the General's return from his tour of the world. Fifth of THE MIDLAND'S series of Grant portraits.

and then passing over and climbing the steep ascents and hauling the guns, and carriages, and ammunition up after them. The task was herculean, but, strange to say, it was accomplished, and an entire division of Scott's forces, with their artillery, were marching into the roads in the rear of the Mexican army before they were discovered. Then instantly ensued a fierce and terrible struggle. Santa Anna,\* who had arrived from Buena Vista only two or three days before, saw in a moment that this attack in the rear meant probable defeat with the possible loss of his army, unless he could repel it.

\* Santa Anna's portrait appeared in the November MIDLAND.

As the sound of Twiggs' battle in the rear reached Scott's ears at the front, he ordered a general assault along the entire lines. This would operate in one of two ways: It would detain the Mexicans in their entrenchments and prevent too heavy reinforcements against Twiggs in the rear, and thus enable the latter to sweep down and capture the batteries in reverse; or, if the force defending the batteries should be drawn off or greatly weakened to reinforce against Twiggs (and thus weaken the defense at the front), Scott's assaulting columns could capture the fortifications and lines of the enemy before Santa Anna could repulse Twiggs and reoccupy his strong works.







Lieut. George B. McClellan (the General McClellan of 1861-2) had established some heavy guns in front of the extreme right of the Mexican lines, and every demonstration was made to convince the Mexicans that the real point of attack was to be at the remotest possible point from that where Twiggs was to strike them. The result was precisely as Scott anticipated; the enemy having no expectation of an attack in the rear or on his left flank, protected as he supposed it to be by inaccessible mountains and impassable defiles, was unprepared in that direction, and hence Twiggs' advance was irresistible.

Grant, as usual during battle, left his train to his subordinates, and rode to the batteries which McClellan had constructed and where the heavy guns were planted. As at Monterey and Vera Cruz, he had no official business to be there. Strictly, his duty was with his train, but there was a soldier's instinct in the quiet Lieutenant that always burst forth when the battle was on. Here he was again at the front, amid a rain of shot and shell which the enemy's gunners were pouring down upon our line from their powerful and well protected batteries, away up the mountain side.

General Pillow assaulted this position twice, and was repulsed with considerable loss, but this strong menace to the front of the Mexican line kept reinforcements from being massed against Twiggs, when his force should appear in the enemy's rear.

A force was detached to attack an elevated point which, General Scott suggested, if carried, could not fail to cut off the whole or a large part of the enemy's forces from retreat on the Jalapa road. Of the work of this brigade General Scott says in his report:

The style of execution, which I had the pleasure to witness, was most brilliant and decisive.

The brigade ascended the long and difficult slope of Cerro Gordo, without shelter and under a tremendous fire of artillery and musketry, with the utmost steadiness, reached the breastworks, drove the enemy from them, planted the colors of the First Artillery, Third and Seventh Infantry, the enemy's flag still flying, and, after some minutes of sharp firing, finished the conquest with the bayonet.

Grant was detained in efforts to get his train safely packed at Plan Del Rio, out of range of the Mexican guns. This done, he rode to the front in all haste to join in the assault, but when he arrived, the assaulting column was too far advanced up the mountain side to be overtaken, hence he joined Lieutenant McClellan at his battery of heavy guns and

with great energy assisted in handling them. He stepped to one side at McClellan's request, out of the smoke of the battery, with a field-glass to view the attacking division as it gradually approached the enemy's works, to notify McClellan when to cease firing to avoid injuring our own men as they neared the fatal line. When that moment arrived, and the smoke from the big guns cleared away, a considerable number of stragglers were discovered who had fallen out of line of the attacking force, and were coming to the rear. Grant and McClellan ran forward, gathered them in platoons, and after belaboring some of the men with the sides of their swords, and using some expletives not embraced in the army regulations, touching the cowardice thus exhibited by them, Grant ordered them to "about face," and "forward, on quick time, march."\*

Encouraged by the news that their comrades at the front were capturing the works, the men, with Grant at their head went up the slope rapidly, hoping to reach the point of attack before the fighting ceased. But the works were captured before Grant and his little army of reorganized stragglers arrived.

On April 24th Grant wrote of this battle, from Jalapa as follows:

It was war pyrotechnics of the most serious and brilliant character. While it was a most inspiring sight, it was a painful one to me. I stood there watching the brigade slowly climbing those rugged heights, each minute nearer and nearer the works of the enemy with our missiles flying over their heads, while white puffs of smoke spitefully flashed out in rapid succession along the enemy's line and I knew that every discharge sent death into our ranks. As our men finally swept over and into the works, my heart was sad at the fate that held me from sharing in that brave and brilliant assault. But our batteries did their duty, and no doubt helped in achieving the glorious result.

Jalapa is the most beautiful part of Mexico we have seen. I suppose we move on toward the Capital at once.

\* It has been said that Grant never used profane language, but my informant who was present, said that the air was blue on that occasion with high sounding and expressive adjectives, and he would not like to testify who uttered them.

Scott's force amounted to about eight thousand five hundred, and that of the enemy was estimated at twelve thousand.

Three thousand prisoners, five thousand stand of arms, and forty-three pieces of artillery were captured. Scott's losses were four hundred and fifty.

On April 22d General Santa Anna wrote from Orizaba to General Arroya, who acted as *ad interim* President while Santa Anna was in the field:

The enemy made an extraordinary effort to force the pass, and, exasperated by the repulse he had received the day before, and because he knew his ruin was inevitable unless he succeeded, attacked me with his entire army, which was not less than twelve thousand men. He put everything on the hazard of the die, and the cast was favorable to him. I do not regard the cause of the nation as hopeless, if it will defend its honor and independence as circumstances may require.

A. L. DE SANTA ANNA.

Our army immediately advanced to Jalapa, and then to Perote, and then occupied the ancient city of Puebla, and here rested until the sixth of August.

This delay was necessary, as the terms of service of several regiments expired and the men wished to return home, and the arrival of reinforcements had to be awaited.

Here was certainly one of the most brilliant campaigns in the history of war. It began on the twelfth of March, by the investment of Vera Cruz, and between that date and the fifteenth of May the city of Vera Cruz had been besieged and captured, the famed fortress of San Juan de Ulloa had fallen, the battle of Cerro Gordo had been fought and won, the city of Jalapa taken, the castle and town of Perote captured, and the magnificent city of Puebla occupied! Nine thousand prisoners of war, 700 splendid cannon, 10,000 stand of arms, 30,000 shells and shot, and many tons of powder were the spoils of this brilliant campaign of two months. History has few parallels to this most remarkable achievement.

(To be continued.)

## The Midland's Fiction Department.

### MADAME DESIRÉE'S SPIRIT RIVAL.

BY MRS. CORA BUSSEY HILLIS.

APRIL'S showers and flowers had freshened and brightened every nook and corner in the shabby old city.

In the Doctor's tiny, wall-enclosed garden scarlet pomegranates nodded their plummy heads to creamy camelias and snowy jasmines. From out the perfumed glory of the giant magnolia a rollicking mocking-bird poured forth an ecstasy of song. Little lizards, flashing like gems of gold and emeralds, chased each other lazily along the smooth trunks of the orange trees, whose fragrant petals covered the ground like snow. All the red-stained brick paths were bordered with violets, purple and sweet. Myriad roses rioted everywhere and added of their spicy breath to the incense which floated over the high, vine-covered wall out into the busy, dusty street.

But little of the sweet spring radiance penetrated the cool, dim room where sat the Doctor's wife.

Madame Désirée was alone. She was so called, in accordance with creole custom, to distinguish her from old Madame Dubois, the Doctor's widowed mother.

Madame Désirée sighed. An eloquent sigh, which only Madame Désirée herself could fully interpret. One slender finger was thrust in the leaves of the book on her lap. It certainly was a pretty little romance, this *La Belle Madalène*. The heroine was so lovely, so winsome, so pure; the hero so noble, so handsome, so young, and the whole tale so overflowing with the sweet ardor of Love's bright dream that Madame Désirée felt vague discontent and disappointment as she recalled her own prosaic courtship and marriage several years before.

Doctor Dubois was a widower with a good paying practice and the cosy, old-fashioned white brick house on Rue Ram-

part. When he asked old Madame Prinelle for her daughter's hand in marriage, neither the mother nor the daughter for one moment questioned the propriety of the alliance, and if sometimes the young wife's heart yearned for the caressing word and lover-like glance, it was a secret locked fast in her own breast, or at most whispered, under her breath, into the sympathetic ear of old Père Gerome, her confessor.

Doctor Dubois was twenty years his wife's senior. His first wife had been his first love, and he had been to her the most devoted of husbands. When he lost her he was inconsolable and for a dozen years had worshipped the memory of his sainted Marie.

When the news of the Doctor's marriage to M<sup>lle</sup> Prinelle reached his friends, it caused considerable surprise, as he had frequently and positively declared his intention to remain a widower. He was kind, courteous, and generous of his means to his young wife. He treated her as a charming guest, a delightful companion.

Madame Désirée had just closed her little book, and a yearning, dissatisfied spirit possessed her. She turned to the long window and pushed aside the heavy Venetian blinds and looked out on the green beauty of the stately avenue. The long rows of china trees, in the middle of the street, arching over the double car-track; the tinkle of the little bell on the neck of the single mule running along with his car as if he feared it would overtake him on the level track and prove his uselessness for such service; the soft breath of the sweet April day,—all invited her out of doors. She would go out for a walk. It would do her good.

The matinées were just over, and Canal

street was gay with its throngs of ladies and children, but Madame was out of harmony with the scene. She turned aside at Baronne street and entered the Jesuits' church. She would find peace in her simple devotions; she would see old Père Gerome, and the gentle priest would give her wise counsel, and she would go home refreshed in spirit.

As she returned, her path led her past the corner where the sun-browned Dago women, a picturesque group, daily sit with their palm baskets of cut flowers about them.

How deliciously sweet the flowers were!

She was about to stop and buy a little nosegay, when she saw her husband standing beside the farthest basket, his back turned toward her. He had selected a particularly fine bouquet, and while he sought the correct change from his purse, Madame Désirée hastily turned the corner and was lost to sight amid the crowd. "How kind of Henri! He remembered that I wanted some flowers for to-night. And I have been unhappy and dissatisfied," she thought reproachfully, "and yet he is thinking of me this moment, dear Henri!"

He had often brought flowers for his wife, a tiny bunch of violets with one red bud blushing in the center, or a few sprigs of sweet olive and magnolia frascati, but never before so large and expensive a bouquet as this.

She hastened home, and when Doctor Dubois entered the room some two hours later, Madame Désirée, radiant in full evening toilette, hastened to meet him. The smiles of loving gratitude faded into an expression of dismay as she noted the absence of the flowers.

The Doctor carried only his vial case in his hand, and wore a grave, preoccupied air, which disconcerted his wife and made questioning difficult. "What has kept you so long, *mon ami*? I expected you home earlier to-night. We are to go to the opera, you remember." Madame looked reproachful. "I did hope you would bring me some of those new American roses for my corsage. Did you for-

get to *buy* them?" with a keen look of suspicion from under the long, dark lashes.

"I have been too busy to think of operas or flowers or anything else outside my professional duties to-day; I was detained longer than usual in my office," he explained.

"And have you been shut up in your tiresome old office *all* this lovely afternoon, Henri?" scrutinizing the face half averted from her gaze.

"Yes—no—really, Désirée, I don't remember. It is sufficient that I was busy; I am sorry I forgot your flowers, though," he added less pettishly. "But why do you ask?" suddenly looking up, "were you out?"

"Only for a short time," she answered carelessly. "I went to the Jesuits' to speak to Père Gerome. Never mind the flowers, Henri; our own roses are lovely enough, surely, even if they are old-fashioned."

The opera was *Il Trovatore*, and the audience enthusiastic, all but Madame Désirée and the Doctor. Di Murska never sang better or looked lovelier. But the occupants of the Dubois box gave little heed. The Doctor was uneasily wondering whether his wife had chanced to see him at the flower-stand. His little wife was puzzling over the fate of that great bouquet.

Madame Désirée was discretion itself, and not by look or word would she allude to the question which disturbed her wifely heart. She set herself to lull to sleep any suspicions her questions might have aroused in her husband, and exerted all the charming tact she possessed to that end. She was delightfully engaging, and her remarks on the opera and the singers so cunningly naive that she seemed the happiest and most unsophisticated creature alive.

But all the while she was thinking, planning.

Next day she dressed herself in a simple black dress, concealed her neat little figure under a clumsy shawl, veiled the piquant face, and, with a large

lace-flooned parasol, proceeded to Canal street. She stopped at the corner of Rue Royale and, approaching the flower-seller, began questioning her about the bouquets in her basket.

"The magnolia frascati are delicious! You sell many more of these little bouquets than the big ones of roses, is it not so?"

"*Oui* Madame," answered the Dago woman, her strong, white teeth holding fast to the end of a fine wire with which she deftly bound a few blossoms to a sliver of "latanier." "Ve sells doze big vons to reg'la costumaz moz gen'ly. Ve gen'ly de finess vons make to orda. Vill Madame pliz von lika dese to orda?"

"I understand. Then I could not have this?" Madame Désirée pointed to a rich boquet in its stiff, lace-paper frill, the duplicate of the one she had seen her husband purchase.

"Doze is ingage. I make von lika dot for ze tall gentaman eva day. I maka nudder von joustal lak it in two, tree minute if Madame vish—Ah! Monsieur, de gentaman dat orda it a comin' now."

Madame Désirée looked in the direction indicated and saw Doctor Dubois crossing the street. "I will take some of these," she said, hastily letting her parasol droop to shield her from view. She selected several small clusters of violets. Dropping some coins in the woman's palm she rapidly turned the corner and entered the jeweler's.

Through the glass of the show windows she saw the Doctor stop beside the flower-basket and, without speaking a single word with the woman, so customary was the transaction, drop the money in the woman's lap, take the bouquet and turn down Rue Royale.

Madame Désirée did not wear the ugly dress and the clumsy shawl for effect merely. In another moment she was following at a discreet distance the rapid footsteps of her husband. When he halted, the little figure in black halted, and she was always careful to hold the big parasol so the lace frill screened her head from view.

Doctor Dubois turned into a side street and paused in front of a yellow-washed cottage. The door was immediately opened, as though some one had been awaiting his coming.

Madame Désirée drew in a deep, gasping breath as she beheld the figure standing smiling in the doorway. A tall, dark, handsome woman, slender and graceful, dressed with an elegance disproportionate to the rude exterior of the house.

The door closed softly. Madame Désirée stood in the street alone. She could not follow the doctor farther; she could not return to her home just yet. She looked about her for a place to wait and watch.

Ah! The apothecary on the corner. She would wait there. Making some trifling purchases, she asked permission "to wait a few minutes for a friend." The apple-faced youth behind the counter busied himself in dusting the long rows of glass jars and paid little attention to his visitor.

The small, clenched hands moved restlessly on her lap, and the impatient little foot beat a quick pit-a-pat on the neat, white-sanded floor. "You have a fine location, Monsieur. Many nice families about here, is it not so? Who lives in the large white house?"

"Judge Tissot."

"And who lives in the little yellow-washed cottage next door?" She tried to speak carelessly.

"Madame Étoile."

"Étoile, ha-ha-ha, what a singular name!" She was feeling a trifle hysterical. "Étoile—tell me, who is this Madame Étoile—this beautiful star?"

The apple-faced youth had been alone for hours, and welcomed the opportunity to talk. So Madame Désirée quickly learned that the lovely woman who received the daily gift of flowers from Doctor Dubois was a clairvoyant, a materializing medium and mind-reader.

Strange! Was her husband in love with the spiritualistic medium, or the medium's spiritualism? She felt that she



must know, she would know. She determined to call on Madame Étoile.

If her husband was a spiritualist, it was strange she had not known it. She suddenly remembered various old books in her husband's library on spiritualism, mesmerism, hypnotism, and kindred subjects. Doctor Dubois was something of a bibliomaniac, and not an old book-stall in all the city but had unearthed some treasure to supply his shelves.

The little green door across the street slowly opened.

Madame Désirée leaned forward; nothing escaped her. A smiling bow from Madame, a courtly lifting of the hat from Monsieur, and Doctor Dubois strode rapidly away.

Madame Désirée waited just thirty minutes by the clock. "I fear my friend is not coming," she said to the clerk. "I am obliged for your courtesy," and, bowing lightly, she glided out the side door, made a short detour, and, returning, knocked at the small green door of the yellow-washed cottage.

Madame Étoile scrutinized her guest. Her guest scrutinized Madame Étoile.

"She is a mind-reader," thought Madame Désirée, "*Eh Bien*, we shall see."

"How can I serve Mademoiselle?" asked the medium, smoothly. "You have quarreled with your lover, and seek my aid to win him back?" questioningly.

"No, Madame, no, it is worse; he *has* left me, but—he is dead," with a heart-broken sigh.

"My poor child, of course I was only jesting to pave the way to your confidence. I know, I feel, that he is dead, but he is yet with you. You want to talk to him, send a message through my mediumship? Ah! I am right. I am always right, Mademoiselle."

Madame Désirée Dubois bowed assent.

"Will Mademoiselle kindly be seated here?" placing a low chair in the middle of the room, with the back to the door leading to the next apartment and facing the closely-drawn blinds of the door and window.

A twilight mistiness filled the room. The face of the medium was duskiely beautiful as she bent over her subject.

"Will Mademoiselle have the goodness to tell me just what she needs, the merest outline, that I may sooner be *en rapport*?"

"I am a most unhappy girl," sobbed the little wife from behind her handkerchief. "Madame, who reads all hearts, knows what I suffer. I was about to be married when my lover died, and oh! Madame Étoile, tell me, what can you do to comfort me?" Madame Désirée gave way to a fine burst of grief.

"Poor girl, it is well you came to me. You shall talk to your lover; you shall see his portrait as he looks to-day. I have power, and I will produce through spiritual agency a perfect likeness of your lost love."

Madame Désirée was given a new, white cardboard panel, the size of a cabinet photograph. "Observe," said the medium, "this card is new, perfectly free from stain or color; please examine it closely."

Madame Désirée took it lightly in her fingers, but as she did so she managed, unobserved, to press her thumb nail gently on the edge of the cardboard, so as to leave a slight, though unmistakable indentation.

The medium threw back her handsome head, closed her eyes, murmured a sort of incantation and held the card over Madame Désirée's head, bidding her client retain her own hold of the card.

The young wife was on the alert. She felt the lithe fingers of the clairvoyant on the card, which was turned as on a pivot above her head. As it spun round and round she felt it slip from her fingers, sometimes from one hand, sometimes from the other, but not from both hands at the same time. No sound was heard save the musical murmur of the medium's voice. Every sense was strained to detect a possible deception. Once she distinctly felt the card she touched slip from her grasp for a single instant—then return to the gentle pressure of her fingers.

She noted that the card felt cooler to her sensitive touch, although in every other respect as before. At the same time she observed a very faint wave of light on the wall in front of her, as if the door behind her had been opened and closed again. But no sound had been heard and she could only surmise that an assistant had noiselessly entered the room, exchanged cards with the medium and retired.

In another moment the medium began snapping her fingers, the crooning song gradually ceased, and, resuming her natural tone of voice, she handed the card to Madame Désirée, exclaiming, "See, Mademoiselle, is not the likeness wonderful? Does not your lover seem to speak to you from that picture?"

Madame Désirée looked curiously at the portrait. The first glance showed her that the tiny identification mark, made by indenting the card with her thumb nail, was not on the beveled edge of this card. She knew the card had been exchanged. She looked at the misty, cloud-enveloped sketch of a slim, blonde young man, and smiled involuntarily as she contrasted his appearance with that of her portly, grave, middle-aged husband.

"It is perfect!" she declared ecstatically. "What a power you possess, Madame! And you assure me he is happy and that he loves me still?" Her voice was sweet and pleading.

"To distraction. Even the joys of Heaven are less perfect."

It is needless to describe further the time-worn methods of the "clairvoyant." Suffice to say that Madame Désirée Dubois learned many comforting things in regard to the beloved young man.

Madame Étoile could not only materialize spiritual things, but could spiritualize material things. For instance, in consideration of a half dollar, incidentally mentioned, she could convert the most substantial flowers into spirit blossoms for the benefit of the loved ones gone before.

Her visitor further learned, by adroit questions cunningly put, that she had

that very day "spiritualized" some choice flowers in honor of the dead wife of a gentleman, who was, she assured Madame Désirée, "the most devoted and inconsolable widower she had ever met."

Madame Désirée drew a deep breath. So this was the romance of her husband's life! A queer, little jealous pang shot through her heart. The flowers she had coveted were offered at the shrine of her husband's early love. Was she wrong to be jealous of the dead? Was her husband's heart forever buried in the tomb? Had she felt convinced that she had a rival in a living, breathing woman, Madame Désirée would have been as wildly, wretchedly jealous as any woman of her temperament well could be; but, as I have said, Madame was discretion itself, and no one but Madame Désirée and Père Gerome would ever have known it.

She hastened home and had but just changed the ugly black gown for the dainty white house-gown New Orleans ladies affect, when the Doctor entered. His wife observed a general look of elation and joyous excitement entirely new and unaccountable. It was Madame's *duty* to discover the cause.

"Ah! Henri, I am so glad you have come at last! The day has been so long and I have been so dull all alone here," stretching out her arms and yawning sleepily. "Is it as pleasant out as it looks? I really ought to go out to get a fresh breath." The little woman sighed lazily and looked wistfully out on the sunny street.

"Pleasant? No, it's deuced hot. Where is my light coat? Thank you, Désirée," as she produced it. "Yes, you ought to go out more than you do, little one. I have been indoors too much myself, today. We will walk down Esplanade after dinner."

Doctor Dubois sauntered to the farther side of the room, turned his back toward his wife and began adjusting his coat. Madame Désirée, from out the corner of her eye, saw him remove a small packet from the pocket of his discarded coat to the one he had just put on.



"I must have a little peep into that," decided his wife.

Dinner was served and the evening passed pleasantly. Madame studied to please, and who could be more winning than she when she chose to exert herself? She determined to have no rival, dead or alive, in her lord's affections. She cared not how dearly he had loved the first Madame Dubois; she wanted to be foremost in his love.

A sharp clang, clang, was heard at the door. "Would Doctor Dubois come at once, immediately?" A prominent citizen, his particular friend and patient as well, had been suddenly stricken with apoplexy. There was not a moment to lose. The Doctor hastily resumed his street coat and, calling to his wife, "Don't sit up for me, Désirée, I may be kept very late," left with the messenger.

Madame Désirée sat quite still until the last echo of the rapid footsteps was lost in the distance. An eager, curious little smile played about her sweet lips, belying the anxious doubt of the large, dark eyes. Then she picked up the house coat from the chair where it had been so hastily thrown, hesitated a moment as her little hand sought the pocket, then, with compressed lip and determined air, she drew forth the little packet which the Doctor's haste had prevented his removing.

Carefully she unfolded the tissue wrappings. Two portraits—two fanciful sketches, cloudlike, dim, indistinct, yet plainly the figures of a beautiful woman and a little child. She could see the soft puffs of hair about the face of the woman, the lovely throat and swelling breast revealed by the low-cut gown. She could see the soft curls playing about the brow of the little child, her dimpled shoulders and slender, childish arms. But it was like looking through a veil, the figures were so shadowy, so ethereal. Madame Désirée turned them over. On the backs, in her husband's well-known hand, were written the words, "My darling wife, Marie," "My little daughter, Lulu."

Quick tears of sympathy filled the young wife's eyes. "My poor Henri, am I not enough? But wait, Désirée will yet win you to share equally your love between the dear Marie and herself. Unhappy dupe to the pretended mind-reader! Your little wife will open your eyes to the false practices of the mistress of the yellow-washed cottage."

Madame Désirée gazed thoughtfully at the pictured faces in her hand. Surely she had never seen this Marie before, yet somehow the poise of the proud head seemed strangely familiar. Where had she seen it? Suddenly she remembered an old book she had looked into in the old shop on Rue Chartres. "No, it could not be. Yes, but it was." She would go early next morning and see it and bring it home and compare the faces.

Madame Désirée gently folded away the portraits and replaced the jacket on the chair as before.

Was ever woman so situated before? Her husband visiting a medium every day with gifts of roses and violets for one who was supposed to walk in the flowery vales of Paradise. It was too ridiculous! Yet, certainly no one could blame Madame Désirée if she felt, for a moment, bitterly jealous of this dead Marie, who, she knew, was not only spiritualized, but idealized as well. A real, live woman she could cope with, but here she felt baffled. However sweet and lovely she might be, the dead Marie would, to the Doctor's fancy, seem sweeter and lovelier still.

It was late when Madame Désirée sought her bed, and long after the early chime from the neighboring convent bells trilled on the morning air, ere the weary little woman dropped into a troubled sleep.

One evening, some days later, Doctor Dubois lay dozing on a sofa after a hard day's work. His wife looked in to see if he had awakened, and, finding that he still slept, placed a decanter of anisette with a bowl of crushed ice within reach of his hand.

She then placed two volumes on a

small table and partially covered them with the *Daily Picayune*. She stood beside her sleeping husband, looking wistfully in his strong, grave face. A gentle smile of love, almost of pity, played about her lips. She stooped and lightly pressed a kiss upon his brow and then retired to the next room.

Madame Désirée was a very devoted churchwoman. She spent all her leisure in making elaborate altar-cloths for the Jesuits church. The elaborate needlework she busied herself with now was to be an Easter offering to that shrine. Her chair was placed in such a position that she could observe every motion her husband made without herself being seen. Unbroken silence reigned in the house. The drowsy air lazily fanned the soft curtains at the open French windows. The faint buzz of the sleepless mosquito and the distant screech of a neighbor's parrot alone were audible. Still the Doctor slept. Still the little needlewoman kept watch.

Suddenly the harsh cries of an itinerant turkey peddler broke through the silence, followed by the excited gobbles of the great flock of turkeys that, dreading alike the cracking whip and the unerring lasso, rushed wildly from banquettes to banquettes in vain endeavor to escape.

Doctor Dubois slowly roused himself and, opening his eyes, caught sight of his favorite cordial ready beside him.

"Now that is good of Désirée," he thought with a little sigh of satisfaction; "nothing better to refresh a tired man in hot weather." He next noted the unfamiliar bindings of the books on the table and took one in his hand to examine its title. Madame Désirée's white hands were tightly clasped in her lap. She watched with a breathless intensity which was painful every movement her husband made. She was staking her whole future on this game. Would she win?

"Heroines of History," he read aloud, turning the pages and reading a line here and there and looking at plate after

plate. "Some pretty faces here; beauty and brains are often charmingly blended. But what is the other volume? 'Women of Great Britain.' Where did she find that, I wonder?"

Madame Désirée scarcely moved. Her interest and sympathy shone in her eyes. But she made no sign of her presence. Doctor Dubois turned the pages one after another.

"Elizabeth, in her ruff and jewels,—the wisest and most foolish, the strongest and weakest, of England's sovereigns." He sipped his cordial.

"Lady Jane Grey,—a sad, sweet face, a trifle weak, I fancy." The pages rustled as he turned them slowly.

"Mon Dieu, what is this!"—in an altered, startled voice. Madam Désirée paled and trembled and her pretty fingers clasped and unclasped nervously.

Her husband was eagerly scanning the engraved face before him; his hands trembled and his face grew ashen white.

"Lady Mary Wortley Montagu—Marie," he whispered huskily. He pressed his hands to his temples and the pages of the book, released from his hold, softly turned and opened of themselves at the plate of a child. The moment the Doctor's eyes fell on it, he seized and examined it searchingly. "Florence Nightingale, when a child," he read.

"Oh! fool, fool that I have been!" he cried despairingly. He took from his pocket the portraits he had cherished all these weeks. He compared them with the engravings for a moment and then folded them away again.

He sat so still and looked so wretched in his disillusion that his gentle young wife could bear it no longer. Hastily entering the room she approached her husband. Her finesse did not desert her.

"Is that you, Henri? Why I must have been asleep not to have seen you come in," she said with innocent untruthfulness. She seated herself on a small footstool at his feet and rested one round arm on his knee caressingly. "You are

looking at my old books, I see. I found them at old Ledoux' shop, and bought them for a song. I thought some of the engravings very choice. What do you think of my bargain? I was going to show them to you this evening."

Doctor Dubois lifted the sweet face, that he might search its inmost secrets. But Madame Désirée's eyes were soft and shining as a little child's, and the smile as artless.

"I think, Désirée," said her husband slowly, "that it is the best bargain you

could possibly have made. Give them to me, little wife; these are but shabby affairs at best, and I will get you others in gay new bindings.

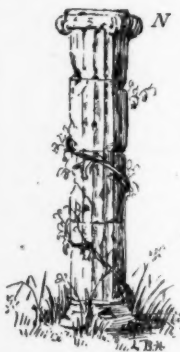
The kiss he pressed upon her lips brought tears to her eyes, and a quick, responsive clasping of the white arms about his neck.

"Henri, my husband, I love you," she whispered.

"And I love you, sweet Désirée," he answered.



### THE SINGING OF THE PINES.\*



*IN THE forests on the mountains sing the pines a wondrous measure,*

*As the wind, the master-player, sways their branches to and fro;*

*Varied music, full of power, full of passion, joy and sorrow,  
Wild and loud with pain and heart-break, then with  
love and gladness low.*

*And that music holds the story of the world since its first waking;*

*Holds the secret of all living, and the life that yet will be;*

*All the lore the wind hath gathered as it roamed the wide earth over;*

*From the silent, sandy desert to the restless, moaning sea.*

*In that singing whisper softly voices of the long-lost nations;*

*Hymns that rose o'er crumbled altars; prayers for the forgotten dead.*

*Mothers' sighs and children's laughter mingle with the soldiers' war-cry;*

*Clash of arms and martial music, and the conquering armies' tread.*

*And above this earth-born music rings a higher tone incessant;*

*Rings a voice proclaiming ever the nobility of life:*

*Only good endures forever—wrong must fall and be forgotten;*

*Every soul that dares be honest is a hero in the strife.*

*And the wind, the master-player, blends these varied tones together,*

*Till they rise, a glorious pæan, from the forests wide and free,—*

*Rise and echo on forever, full of courage, hope and daring,—*

*Wild with all the pain of living, sweet with all life's harmony.*

*Sharlot M. Hall.*

\* Awarded the Prize for the Best Original Poem in THE MIDLAND'S January 1st Competition.

# THE MINK STORY.

BY GARDNER C. TEALL.

TRADITION, with us, gives the cat nine lives; but the Kwakiutl Indians, of British Columbia, tell in a legend a story of an animal whose resuscitative powers were much more extensive and of whom Methuselah might have been jealous. I will tell you the story as it is often repeated among these Indians as they sit grouped around their fires of blazing fir knots.

Of our animals, the mink is about the most difficult to kill. He has, as our fathers have often told us, a hundred lives. Ninety and nine times he may be left for dead, but only on the hundredth time will he really be so.

It happened hundreds and hundreds of years ago, while the world was yet young, that there dwelt alone by the sea a Mink Woman. Whence, or how she came, no one knew, but she had always lived in that place. Not far from her house was the Frog village. She seldom visited the frogs, for they made such a noise that it quite deafened her, and so she was left very much alone. But she never appeared to mind her isolation.

One warm day in summer the rays of the all-creating Sun fell upon her and in the course of time a child to her was born. This child grew to be a handsome boy. He was very strong; in fact the Frogs said they had never seen such a fine Mink boy, and of course the mother was very proud of her son. She taught him to dance and to sing, to fish and to hunt; and by the time he had attained maturity he was so clever that even the Silver Fox could not outwit him. But there was one thing in the Mink that his mother was

very sorry to see. He was as restless as the waves of the ocean, and was never content to settle down to anything. But the mother was powerless to correct this fault, as the older the son became the less attention he would pay to her suggestions. Although he always asked her advice before he ventured upon anything, yet this was more from force of habit, as he seldom acted upon her suggestions.

This Mink possessed the ability to converse with every animate and inanimate object, and so it was that he would make love to the birds, and to the trees, and to the clouds, and to the flowers. He would take a wife unto himself; then, fickle as he was, he would abandon her. He had already married the Sea Shell, but one day he came to his mother and said:

"I am tired of Sea Shell, she does nothing but roar all the long day. I want another wife. I really love the Frog Chief's daughter. I will go and ask her to be my wife."

"O, don't do that!" cried the Mink Woman—she was quite fond of her daughter-in-law—"Don't desert poor Sea Shell; she is so kind, and the Frog Princess is very selfish. Besides you would soon be tired of her for she croaks louder and longer than Sea Shell roars."

But the Mink did not heed her and married the Frog Princess, while the Sea Shell, in her turn, married the Sea Beach, that she might always remain near the Mink Woman, who was still her true friend.

Now, the Frog Chief prepared a great feast in honor of his daughter and

son-in-law. All the Frog people had been invited, and likewise a few special guests. The time set for the feast was Early Dawn, so that the Sun, Moon and Stars might all attend. Everything went well until the Mink suggested that they sing, and he started in without waiting for the others. His new wife tried to make him understand that it was the Chief's place to commence the song, but the Mink kept right on singing. Of course this made the Frogs very angry. They considered it an insult, and set up such a croaking that the Mink was glad to run home and get away from the noise. He said to his mother, who had not been able to attend the feast:

"I am tired of those disagreeable Frogs already. I will not live with them another minute. How they croak! I intend to wed the Stone, for I know she will be glad to have me for her husband, and everyone says she is very quiet."

Then the Mink started off and walked until he came to the Stone. As he approached her he called out: "O beautiful Stone, I have come far that I might tell you of my love. Will you not wed me?"

The Stone answered not a word. The Mink said to himself, "She is bashful and afraid to speak." Then he sang:

*"Ke ka hy ka la hy a kut cia w  
Gey ya ya.  
Quask quas ak yak kan  
Gey ya ya."*

which means —

"I am always thinking of you, my love.  
I ask, I ask that my love you prove."

Then he waited for the Stone to answer him, but still she did not reply. Somewhat out of patience, the Mink cried out: "Stone! Stone, I say! I have come to marry you!"

Still there was no answer. Then the Mink flew into a rage and exclaimed:

"Foolish Stone, I will teach you not to mock your betters." Thereupon he struck the Stone many times with his fist, and so hard did he pound, that it caused the blood to come from his wrists and fall on the Stone. But the Mink was that angry he did not notice whence the blood came, and thought the Stone's face was bleed-

ing; so he left off, greatly pleased at the success of his punishment, saying:

"Now, Stone, see what you get for not answering me!" Then he ran home.

The Mink had pounded the Stone so cruelly that she became blind, and those places where his blood fell became known as "Jasper" and "Blood-Stone."

When the Mink Woman saw her son returning with bloody hands, she said:

"Son, what have you been doing?" He told her that because the Stone was sulky he had struck her, and added:

"Mother, I am going to wed the Seaweed that floats around on the crest of the wave. I shall like sailing, and Seaweed will make a good wife." So off he ran. As he left, his mother called after him and told the Mink to be careful lest the Seaweed drag him under water, for she knew her son could not live long in the sea.

The Seaweed married the Mink, and together they sailed on the top wave of prosperity. She would not suffer him to be away from her for an instant. Once she led him to the sea bottom.

"When I scratch," said the Mink, "you must let me go." They were under the water so long that the Mink felt faint and wished to go to the surface for air. He scratched several times, but the Seaweed held him closely, and at last he fainted. Then the heartless wife, believing him dead, pushed him aside and floated away. To all appearances dead, he rose to the surface and floated there a while.

"See the Mink! He is dead! See!" cried out one of three old women who happened to be walking on the beach. But the Mink spat—just as we do to throw off sleep—and, opening his eyes, he called to them:

"No, I am not dead, old women; I have been sleeping." Then he paddled to the shore.

When the Mink reached home he dried himself in the sun. He did not again mention the subject of marriage to his mother, and seemed quite contented to remain at home. He and his mother

often went out in their canoe salmon fishing.

One day when he had come in from fishing the Mink called to the clouds that had gathered above, saying, "Clouds! O clouds! tell my father, the Sun, who is behind you, that I wish to go to him!"

So, after he had taken leave of his mother, he got the wind to take him to his father, who was sitting on a golden ball in the sky. The Sun was overjoyed at seeing his child, and embraced him many times.

The Mink had been with his father some time when the Sun said: "I have a great desire to go down and visit your mother and see how all my friends on the earth are getting along. While I am gone you must take my place. Here is my silver broom with which you must occasionally sweep the clouds, but be very careful that you do not sweep them too much, for if you do the mountains will crack and everything below will be burned."

Having decked his son with his shell-trimmed robes, the father then departed on his way.

During the Sun's absence the Mink had very little to do, and, not having any place to hunt or fish, he amused himself with sweeping the clouds, forgetful of his father's warning. He swept them so hard that the very earth itself began to crack and the heat below was terrible—many people died from it. The Sun was angry for he knew the Mink must have disobeyed him, and so, hastening back to his place in the sky, and taking the robes of authority from his son, he tumbled him down head-first upon the earth; and since that time the Sun has not dared to trust his place to anyone.

Where the Mink fell he lay as if dead, and the old women who again happened to pass by, said as before: "See! the Mink! He is dead! See!"

But the Mink jumped up and said, "You are mistaken again. I am not dead. I have only been sleeping." And he ran home.

When he reached the house he found that his mother had gone to visit her uncles on the other side of the world, and so he was left alone.

One day while walking in the woods he passed the house where the Wolf Chief lived, and looked in through the door. No one was at home but the baby son who had been left behind in the bed. The Mink snatched up the child and ran home with it. "Now," said he, "I will not be so lonesome."

The Wolf Chief was greatly enraged when he returned and found that the Mink had stolen his son, so he ran to the Mink's house, but could not get in. Then he stopped the tide, so that it would wash up no food for the Mink, thus thinking he could starve him out. Soon after the Wolf Chief called all his fighters together, and the next day they set out to recover the stolen infant.

The Mink heard the Wolves coming, so he instructed everything in his house to begin shouting. The sticks, the fire, the blankets, the poles and the pans made such a noise that the Wolves were frightened and did not dare to come near, for they thought the house was full of men. However, the Wolf Chief, taking courage, stepped forward and demanded his child. The crafty Mink replied that he would not return it unless the Wolf would restore the tide's action.

Then the Wolf Chief said, "Give me the boy and I will make the tide come in one span."

But the Mink would not listen to any such arrangement; neither would he agree to return the child when the Wolf Chief proposed to let the tide back one-half, and, climbing out on the edge of the roof with the babe in his arms, he called down:

"Wolf, if you don't give me back the tide, I will drop your son to the ground." Then everything in the house set up a din again. So, thoroughly alarmed, the Wolves agreed to everything, and restored the ebb and flow of the tide; but, treacherous as he was, the Mink threw



the baby far out into the sea, and then, jumping in after it, escaped from the Wolves. To this day the Wolves have

not forgiven or forgotten, and when a Mink sees a Wolf, he runs away, calling after him, "'Ware Wolf."



## THE YOUNG HOMESTEADERS.

A HISTORY OF FOUR YEARS' LIFE IN DAKOTA.

BY FRANK W. CALKINS.

### CHAPTER XI.

#### TWO FRIENDS.

THE Judge sat at ease in one of the big hotel rockers which John Howell kept upon his north veranda. John had gone out with his men to superintend a sheep-washing at Lake Marais. The Judge, newly arrived, luxuriated in some hours of needed rest and idleness.

It was a lovely morning in early June. There had been a smart shower of rain, and at nine o'clock the sky cleared and the sun dropped its sheen of light upon the young wheat fields and the wide, green reaches of bunch grass. An hour later there was a visible effect of radiation, a soft, nebulous enveloping of the landscape. The meadow-lark piped in mellow notes, and the bobolink, poised at a great height, tuned his love song to the rising warmth. The plover's whistle dropped out of the sky like some faint, far-off echo of a plow-boy's cheerful trilling, and the chippering of the gopher seemed to catch a musical cadence. The haze of rising mist deepened—color of green and gold, tipped with a far blue of the horizon, tinted the hills and blurred the distant reaches of the flat lands.

Across Cow Creek the water in the great reservoir shimmered mistily, and the top-full canals lay like trenches of

molten metal, half hidden in yellow steam; the new buildings lost their harsh outlines and towered upward, in a mirage, soft-toned, indefinite monuments.

Over at one edge of the reservoir a column of white vapor rose like the spray of a geyser; rose and fell in a steady arc, a veritable water horn-of-plenty. This vaporous cornucopia marked the outpouring of a great artesian "spouter," where a six-inch iron pipe threw its steady jet up over the dump of the reservoir. Twenty-four hundred gallons per minute leaped out of that small, black nozzle, with force to turn a mill-wheel, and with the roar of a locomotive.

Green wheat fields and squares of black lands, newly planted, lay on every side the artificial watercourses.

The Judge's gaze lingered often and long upon this scene, the fruit in part of his own faith and enterprise.

"By George," he exclaimed, after a long, admiring look, "What a snap; what a shame to have missed it! There's nothing like that in Colorado—it's a gold mine with dead certainty at every turn and no end to the lead."

He lay at ease, his chair tipped far back upon its rockers, his shapely legs resting upon the rail of the veranda. His sombrero and seersucker he had thrown upon a vacant chair. And as he



reclined in the undress of flannel shirt and corduroy breeches his massive yet athletic figure might have commanded, equally, the admiration of a modeler in clay or of a devotee of the prize-ring. And the head which surmounted his fine frame would not have lacked quality with either critic.

The black hair was tossed off a forehead high and broad, with full temples and oval front. The eyes were large, dark and protuberant; the nose big but shapely; the chin and jaws of a clean-cut heaviness; the cheeks and lips full, clean-shaven and of a ruddy hue that told of perfect health.

Force, physical and intellectual, asserted itself in every lineament. Here was one born to command, a man to fear, to make a friend of.

As yet, too, the sap of youth ran strongly in him. When the birds sang, he whistled roundelays or hummed love ditties, drumming with white, nervous fingers upon the flat arms of the rocker. Anon he lay at ease and looked out upon the dreamy day with half-closed eyes. Despite his solid, prosperous appearance, his evident, vigorous Americanism, he was one to spend some hours of ease without regret.

A freshly cut magazine lay for a long time upon his knees, untouched. It was well on toward noon, in fact, when he seemed to recall a purpose to do some reading, withdrew from the outside world and picked up the periodical, which had finally fallen to the floor. He looked at its artistic cover for a moment, then turned some pages and scanned the table of contents.

"Hum," he mused, "*The Illustrated Kosmos*! What an inveterate reader John is—house full of books and magazines! Hello, by George, 'A Jonah of the Colony, by John James Howell!' Well, I'll be blanked!"

Eight years upon the bench in a Colorado mining district had planted in him some seeds of mild profanity. The mountain manner of speech found ex-

pression in moments of surprise or of strong feeling.

He ran the leaves of the magazine under his thumb until he had found the page-heading which bore John Howell's name. He scanned the opening paragraphs hastily and his attitude became at once alert and attentive. He planted his feet upon the floor of the veranda; leaned forward upon one elbow and, after the manner of the trained reader, ran his eyes swiftly over line after line, turning the pages with a business-like, mechanical movement of the fingers.

"Well, I'll be blanked; I'll be teetotally blanked!" he declared when he had finished reading "A Jonah of the Colony."

The story dealt with life and character among the "dugouts" and sod hovels of that rude, transplanted peasantry known as Russian Mennonites—a strange ascetic sect of religionists, eschewing oaths and civic offices and living in almost the simplicity of primitive man. Ivan Ismailitch, ruler in a colony where his will was law, was the central figure of a tale which brought to light in vivid detail the inner life of a strange, exclusive and superstitious people. There was a strength and simplicity in the narrative, a simple charm of style which comes from an intense power of realization, close attention to detail, and a perfect mastery of clear, incisive English.

The Judge closed the magazine with a slap. "I'd rather have written that story," he declared, "than be Governor of Colorado. Yes, or United States Senator." "What's that, Bobby?" He looked up and saw John Howell approaching from the road some rods to eastward.

The ranchman had turned the pony he had ridden loose upon the prairie. "What's that you were saying about a United States Senator?" he asked as he mounted the steps of the veranda. He lifted a green-shade helmet; mopped the sweat from his white forehead, and took a seat facing his relative.

Covering the magazine pretty well with both hands, and assuming a judicial cast of feature, the former occupant of the

veranda wheeled his chair slowly about and looked the newcomer straight in the eye.

"I was just remarking to the interminable perspective out here," he said with great gravity, "that I would rather have written a certain story I have just read than be Governor of my adopted state or member of the U. S. Senate."

"St. Albans'?" asked John with a humorous smile, "I thought you were immersed in politics and business and wouldn't care a rap for literary reputation. But I suppose, like all the rest of us, you've been reading Amélie's latest and have caught the infection?"

"Any man may sneer at, and lots of men do pretend to merely tolerate, poets and fiction writers," replied the Judge, "but there isn't an intelligent man on earth who wouldn't hug himself in private at having his name widely quoted in connection with a meritorious piece of literature. Curious—there's nothing of show, of pomp, or parade in the make-up of a genuine literary man, a producer of stable literary wares; he often lives and dies in humble circumstances, and yet, we lawyers, politicians, professional fame-hunters envy his reputation, and can find none among the greatest of us to compare with his. You are mistaken as to the particular story I have alluded to," he added quietly, his eyes shining with a sudden glow of pride. "It appears in the current number of *The Illustrated Kosmos*, and is entitled, 'A Jonah of the Colony.' I didn't know before that you had even attempted story writing. This isn't the first?"

"No," admitted John, stroking his tawny mustache to partially hide the embarrassment in his face, "I've done a few things for the *Kosmos*, but nothing, I imagine, that will stand the fire of the reviewers, even if they should deign to notice me."

"D—n the reviewers!" exclaimed his relative, vehemently. "They're mostly a lot of nincompoops, disappointed literary aspirants or all-round fakirs, anyway. Folks who like genuine, life-like stories

will read this kind of thing in spite of all the tuppenny ink-slingers in Christendom. Publish your stories in book form when you have written enough of 'em; I'll risk 'em."

And John certainly looked pleased enough. Never, since they were at college together had he lost his profound respect for "Bobby's" opinion.

"Well," he answered, "I appreciate what you have said. It seems a very simple thing to write as I have done; and yet," he added reflectively, "there's a deal of work about it, too—takes some research and close observation—"

"And a — lot of ability," broke in the Judge; "ability to read character, to judge of men, to realize life as lived, with all the accessories of time, heritage and environment attached; and that, if I know anything of the *genus homo*, you have displayed in this sketch or story, and you will be able to do better things. In this story—I feel the absolute truth in it, you see—you have made me realize a complete mental picture of the life and character of a peculiar people, and you have vastly entertained me, besides. Before I read this sketch I knew as little of the Russian Mennonite as I once did—of the life and writings of Isaac Aboab."

Both men laughed heartily, and in suddenly reminiscent humor.

"O., A., E., F.," said John, "a jolly lot of dukes they were."

"O. A. E. F.," repeated the Judge, "Order of Ancient Essene Friars, ho, ho, ho, ho," and he rolled his great black eyes at John, shaking with merriment.

"Otherwise Always Elegant Frogs," replied John, and the pair laughed again until the tears ran down their cheeks.

"That society was certainly unique," said the Judge, "with ceremonies funny beyond the conception of any man but their inventor, Fitz-John O'Sheridan. Poor fellow—you haven't heard, I suppose—he was stabbed at Hermosillo, in Mexico, last February? Yes, killed by a Mexican Don in dispute about the ownership of a contemptible burro. O'Sheridan lived near Hermosillo, and his big

rancheria joined that of the native gentleman who killed him."

"Poor old Fitz," said the other soberly, "I am right sorry to hear it—though, if he carried his exaggerated sense of humor with him, no wonder he was killed in Mexico. I've often wondered, though, how they came to take me into that fraternity—mere kid as I was—in the last year of its existence. It was mostly a class affair."

"'Twas just because you *were* 'a mere kid,' the youngest class man at Ann Arbor, and because of the whimsical nature of everything connected with that short-lived fraternity. I was never prouder in my life than when you came there, John, not yet fifteen, passed a blooming exam., and got matriculated under a special arrangement."

"No credit attached," said John, "books were playthings and to learn Latin and mathematics, easy as a game of marbles. I'd rather have your boy record than mine. You shouldered a musket at fifteen and came out of the war a captain. That's what put you behind at the university. How old are you now, Bobby—forty?"

"Just turned it," replied the Judge cheerfully, "and by favor of God and a Howell constitution, have forty good years before me yet. Man, what a long-lived race ours is on both sides! There was my great, great grandfather, your g. g. dad, dropped dead on the streets of Akron at ninety-four. Great grandfather Howell lived to eighty-nine, in good health, and there's father, pegging around among his fruit trees in California, at eighty-three; and mother, four years younger, alive and hearty. Eight brothers and sisters are living, all older than myself, and your father would have lived to green old age if he hadn't fallen on top of the breast-works at Blakely. Good subjects for life insurance—we fellows, John?"

"Yes," said John, "barring accidents. I've often thought of that phase—tendency to long life in our family. We have the best of average men by twenty years

and more, and if the heritage extends to me, I mean to make the most of it."

He smiled; drew a cigar-case from a pocket in his shirt and offered it to his relative. The pair smoked for some minutes in silence, their eyes straying to the scene across Cow Creek Basin.

Presently a dinner bell rang and a tramp of men sounded on the back porch.

"Men in from the lake already?" asked the Judge.

"Yes, we have a corral down there. It's only four miles; the water's pretty cool and I wanted the boys to have a warm dinner."

"But why not shear unwashed?" inquired the visitor.

"Because it's dirty work and I've found good washing pays in my grade of wool."

"Reasons enough," replied the Judge.

"And now," said John, "what do you think of matters over there anyway? You haven't told me yet, you know," and he nodded toward Cow Creek.

"Haven't had time yet this morning," answered the other, knocking the ashes from his cigar with a fillop of the little finger. "I couldn't see much of it riding by in the dark last night. Judging from what I can see from here, though, your letters have drawn it mild—as a success."

"Well," said the ranchman, "there'll be a dividend in January of next year, if the wheat and potatoes do as they promise."

"And what's to hinder the crops?"

"Nothing," replied John, "nothing that human foresight and plenty of water can provide for. Tom Hewitt's management this year has been pretty nearly perfect. Last year he, of course, had much to learn; but he learned it well. Do you know the boy has turned out a really good civil engineer? Fact,—he took hold while they were laying out the reservoir and canals—got Beaman to help him with trigonometry and the instruments. Then last fall he bought a level and transit and continued study and practice upon the works. Last winter, again, he put in his evenings with mathematics and engineering books, and to-day he's fit to take a position with

higher salary than we can afford to pay him."

"But he'll not leave us?" asked the Judge; "he has too strong an interest over there?"

"No," admitted John, "he'll stay because of his prospects and his interest in the work."

"And now," said the other, with a mischievous twinkle at the corners of his eyes, "what about the pretty girl I had such a fleeting glimpse of a year ago last winter? Tom Hewitt's sister, you know. Higley pointed her out to me in her brother's sleigh, after you had gone out of the office—perhaps you will remember. Honestly, I haven't seen so pretty a face since I fell in love with Adelaide Neilson's at McVicker's theater in '79—it's haunted me ever since."

"Oh, *has* it?" inquired John, a little dryly. "If you hadn't been so full of business and so anxious to take the next train, you might have met Miss Hewitt on that occasion; and who knows," he

added, assuming the other's quizzing tone, "who knows what might have happened, Bobby?"

"True enough," answered the Judge, "but is it too late now? Tell me what's become of her—I am interested, you see."

"That's odd," said John, smiling non-committally. "Well, she took a train for the East some two weeks after you left, and she's been in attendance at the Oberon Elective School ever since. I suppose they'll send her home in a week or two now, quite finished. And now," glancing at his watch, "throw away your cigar and we'll go to luncheon, after the manner of you swell fellows—it's one o'clock."

The Judge yawned, but made no move to arise. "I'm thinking, John," he said very gravely, "that I'll come back, after finishing my business in St. Paul, and take a vacation. Will you promise to introduce me to Miss Hewitt?"

"I promise," replied John, slowly, "to introduce you to *my wife*."

THE END.



## AMIEL

("Journal Intime.")

HOW large a life was thine, Amiel! For thee  
 The circle of environment did sweep  
 Beyond the stars. Thy poet soul did keep  
 A holy tryst with God. Thine eyes did see  
 In every outward thing a living thought.  
 And, if I ope with trembling touch thy book,  
 And upward from its throbbing pages look  
 With tearful sight, it is that thou hast caught  
 The minor strains my wounded spirit sings.  
 But now the cypress wreath no longer clings  
 Around thy brow. Thy place is near the Heart  
 Of Life! Great gain to thee did death impart:  
 Sad introspective alien here on earth,  
 But there an heir to joy through some strange birth.

*Lettie Heberling Jennings.*

## DISILLUSIONED.\*

By MARIA WEED.

Author of "A Voice in the Wilderness."

### CHAPTER II (Continued).

THAT evening I pondered long over this interview. What were words but the clothing of our ideas? It was the spirit which should govern our actions. If it was "of God," our expressions would be chosen in accordance with His direction. The "activity" or "passivity" of our phrasing would reflect its governing power. Were we progressing? Was endless elaboration, tiresome analysis, subordination of all things to detail, an evidence of woman's advancement?

John seemed to divine my thoughts by the telepathy of love, for he said, "Em-ily, that woman has more common sense than ten Mrs. Browns."

"I love her!" I exclaimed.

"It does you great credit, my dear," he added warmly.

We were interrupted and startled by the resonant twang of the gong-bell upon the front door, and hurrying to the spot I was confronted by a tall, energetic girl of perhaps twenty years, whom I instinctively felt to be Angeline.

She responded to my good evening with a low bow, unnecessarily ceremonious, and when I asked:

"Are you Angeline?" she replied:

"Yes, madam, I am she."

"Walk right in. We were hoping to see you," I said as naturally as possible under the circumstances.

She entered the parlor, where a dim light burned, and seated herself with rigid stiffness upon the nearest chair.

"I have been told," she volunteered,



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"that you wish a maid, and as I desire to serve in that capacity (with the understanding that I do so to familiarize myself with the duties of a first-class position) I am at your service."

This was more intolerable than the drouth, and, to make matters worse, John coughed ominously from the dining room.

"Can you do all kinds of housework?" I found the courage to ask of this fluent personage.

"I am tolerably proficient in the ordinary requirements," was the urbane reply.

"Very well, you may begin at once and I will give you my order for breakfast," which I did and dismissed her, returning to John, whose face was a study, disgust and amusement being visible in equal proportions.

"Upon my life, Emily," he declared, "that creature will kill us! What will you do with her?"

"I shall speak to her with extreme simplicity and directness, and our conversations shall be limited to occasions when necessity actually demands it," I said, in playful imitation of her.

"Good!" cried John. "But I shall treat her to her own style, and that may cure her. She has practiced her opening speech to you before the mirror, I'll wager."

At daybreak the next morning we were awakened by a masculine voice singing in stentorian tones the hymn known as "Dennis." I identified the singer as Ezra Bunter, coming with our "drinkin' water." As he neared the house, the words were discernible, and I listened with interest to his emphatic rhythm and the jerky conclusion of each phrase.

"O, wha-hair shall re-hest be found!  
Rest fo-hore the we-hee-ree soul!  
'T were va-hain the oh-hoshun's de-heps to  
sow-hound!  
Or pe-heirce to ee-hee-ther pole!"

"If that were not the funniest thing in all the world, I'd drop a water pitcher upon him as he passes. Imagine his disturbing us at this hour!" groaned my vexed though much amused John. "Hark! She is up.—Your pardon, my sweet sylph! I should have said, 'The morning star has risen.' Hark! They are talking."

"You shouldn't listen, John," I interposed.

"I pay for this entertainment," he argued. Hush! But there was no avoiding being a listener.

"Good morning, Ezrah!"

"Hello, Angeline."

"You are vying with the lark these days."

"Thanks."

"Your mother well?"

"Middlin'. She has neuralgia some."

"How are you impressed with the late arrivals?"

"Oh, they're the right sort, if that's what you mean."

"She appears to be an exceedingly genteel person. I have not as yet been favored with a glimpse of *him*."

"That pleasure is in store for you, Minerva," muttered John.

"This won't do my work," said Ezra, "and it's goin' to be a hot day. My! how the corn is curlin'! Rain to-morrow wouldn't give us half a crop!"

"Been to any of the meetings?" continued Angeline.

"Yes, some."

"Were they edifying?"

"They was interesting to Methodists. Lots o' backsliders was warmed over and fairly pushed into the fold. I mean that in all respect. That man Solomon has such a convincin' way with him."

"Lacking only the one essential," she added sadly.

"Emersion, I suppose."

"Immersion, Ezrah," corrected Angeline. "I'm particular upon this point."

"I guess I'd ought to know that," growled he, and he walked toward the barn with an energy strange to him.

Mrs. Bunter called that day, and among other bits of advice said, "My dear, you must be patient-like with Angie. She has always been so took up with what she calls gentility, and since her last term at the Normal she's worse'n ever. I don't mind tellin' you that it stirs me up and makes me onspirital the way she teeters round. And yet she's well meanin' and there aint a honester worker hereabouts."



You won't mention it, but her and Ezry has kep' company nigh unter three year and nothin' but the doctrine of emersion is a separatin' of 'em. She calls it *principle* when I coax her to give in and tell her it's stubbornness—pride a rulin' of her. I tell her a woman she ought to yield, and that a man he's the rightfulest ruler—and even if he warn't they're enough sight mulisher; you know that by this time. But she says that they's new idees in cities, and a sect callin' of themselves New Women. That's what I come over to talk with you about. These new ways of lookin' at things is dangerous sometimes, and I wouldn't hev Angie followin' after false gods nohow."

"What does she say of the New Woman?" I asked.

"She says they'll rule this nation some day—yes she does. That they hev clubs like men where they larn politics and reform; that some on 'em dress in bloomers on the streets and aint shamed, and that they speak in town meetin's along with the men. Now is this true?"

"My dear Mrs. Bunter," said I, "Angeline is both right and wrong. But the New Woman is a fad."

"What's that?" demanded my guest.

"I never heerd of it."

"You may be thankful then, for it's not worth the breath expended in explaining it."

"Don't mind it then," she added, "but tell me about the clubs. Do they hev 'em?"

Then I told her of the groups of earnest women who in early life had been denied the educational advantages common nowadays; of their meeting together and the *mutua*' help derived from the study of some branch of learning, history, travel, art, etc., etc., forbearing to mention either the Social Equality Club or the one of which I was a member, yet not knowing just why.

"Is that what they do? Bless 'em! I wish I wuz where I could jine, old as I am. O, Mis' Merritt, if you'll believe it, I hev thoughts too big for my old head, and I always sez to myself when they

come, 'Somewhere they's a answer to your question, Melvina Bunter, and a fill-in' fer your want.' The Lord He don't make hungry mouths without havin' food fer 'em, but in my day the butt'ry of larnin' had nothin' but high shelves. They wuz out 'o my reach, and none o' my folks ever used 'em. If I'd a-knowed more, Ezry could a hed schoolin' at home when we couldn't git teachers; but he's larned a heap from jest readin'. Do yer smart women jine these clubs with the onlarned ones, Mis' Merritt?"

"Yes, indeed," I answered, "and they plan and prepare the work for them and aid in every way. Better still, it brings about a sisterly interest between them."

"Bless me! My potatoes 'll boil dry," exclaimed the dear soul. "You jest run in real often, won't you? You're such a help to me!" And the blue eyes were moist as she tied the strings of her bonnet and nodded a good-by.

### CHAPTER III.

Our lives were uneventful during the week that followed, but each day was filled with enough of incident to prevent *ennui*. John rested and studied the dictionary to outwit Angeline.

Imagine, then, my surprise and horror one morning when our maid came to my room bearing the card of Mrs. Jonas Brown. It was crushing. I had forgotten all about her, never dreaming that she would drop down upon us without even a telegram. However, there was nothing for it but to welcome her with all the heartiness I could summon. The sepulchral atmosphere of the parlor had chilled and dampened the spirits of this usually urbane woman, while disappointment and disgust were written in every line of that strong face. She shivered as she rose to meet me.

"How can you endure that, my dear woman?" pointing to the wax flowers.

John had threatened to bury them, but I dared not remove them, fearing Angeline might notice our aversion to them.

"O, we don't mind," I answered cheerily. "But come, let me show you to your



room. You must need rest and refreshment."

"Do you like it here?" she demanded in astonishment.

"It is not what we had hoped," I explained, "but we are not suffering."

I sent Angeline to learn if in any way she could serve our guest, but the girl returned with the intelligence that Mrs. Brown did not wish to be disturbed.

"Serves her right for coming in this way," said John, but I could see that he was mortified.

Our luncheon was a triumph of matter over mind. Even Mrs. Brown relaxed in the severity of her resentment toward us and deigned to accept a second portion of the broiled spring chicken and Angeline's cream potatoes. The rolls, too, were like cotton balls, so white and tempting, while our maid's serving did great credit to her week's training.

She waited upon John and me with the deference she would have shown royalty. Indeed, as my husband said, he would not be surprised any day to hear her call me "My lady," so devotedly observant was she of my slightest want. To our friend, on the contrary, she was mindful, but stiffly attentive, caring for her needs as if under the pressure of compulsion.

Mrs. Bunter made her daily call, but the intercourse between her and the president of the Social Equality Club was constrained and monosyllabic. Indeed, the city woman treated her with a patronage which offended and irritated me unspeakably. This later guest had an equal claim upon me which she ignored.

Divining Mrs. Brown's estimate of her, the kind soul rose to leave. I followed her to the door and she said in parting, "There haint nothin' in common between her an' me, and I'll come over another time."

Angeline's aversion to Mrs. Brown was augmented by a circumstance which John related to me later. He was seated upon the veranda the next morning before breakfast, reading, and was an unobserved audience or listener to the scene.

The maid had gone to Mrs. Brown's room,

as directed, to carry a pitcher of ice water.

"Girl," said our visitor, "your manner of serving is most uncouth; in fact you have no manners!"

"I know my superiors when I encounter them," observed Angeline fearlessly and pointedly.

"Your impudence betrays your ignorance," added Mrs. Brown severely, aiming at the poor girl's most vulnerable point.

"I am not unlearned because I work out, madam, but there are those who make toil obnoxious by their manner of treating their supposed inferiors. Mrs. Merritt—and she is a *lady* [great emphasis being laid upon the last word]—says that no labor is in the least degrading. It is the spirit of the laborer which makes it so. I have my profession to fall back upon, madam, that of school mistress of this district, and if all women were like you I would not exchange it even temporarily for that of housemaid. I deem it an honor, however, to serve Mrs. Merritt."

She delivered this with such volubility that Mrs. Brown was unable either to interrupt or dismiss her, and as she concluded she closed the door behind her.

Nothing could induce our guest to remain longer than the next day, and John escorted her to the train, returning with a brighter face than he had worn since her arrival.

A few days later the prevailing calm of the place was broken by voices recognized immediately as those of Ezra and Angeline in heated discussion. John insisted upon my allowing them the freedom of speech, purchased by the blood of their ancestors, and I deferred to him for awhile, resolving to terminate it at any moment when the welfare of either should seem to demand it.

"It's mere *sprinkling*!" we heard Angeline assert.

"It's baptism just the same!" was Ezra's retort.

"Your Biblical proof, sir!" demanded she.

"You don't s'pose that all the churches that has had sprinklin' for their form of baptisin' haint no grounds for it, do ye?" he argued.

"They lack the authoritative 'Thus saith the Lord,'" asserted Angeline.

"How is that?" whispered John to me. "Now for Ezra."

"Angeline Thorn," began the excited Ezra, "you allers clothe your doctrines with your high flownities and dress 'em up better 'n my idees; but feathers don't weigh much, and a church as lives by pridin' of itself—"

Here I interposed with, "Why, what is the matter?"

"We're at it ag'in fer the hundredth time," confessed Ezra bitterly, "and no nearer agreein' than we wuz when we begun it years ago."

"We were discussing the ordinance of baptism, and comparing immersion with *sprinkling*," Angeline uttered the last word with a lightness destined to heighten the color in Ezra's already flaming cheeks.

"What is the office of baptism? Or, rather, in what way is it supposed to affect us?" I asked of both.

"It is regenerative," responded the girl solemnly.

"Do you think that it has accomplished this in either of you?" was my next question. "Is not this the letter and not the spirit of the law about which you are almost quarreling? Yes, almost," I added, smiling. "The *New Woman* is tolerant, Angeline, and the man of to-day is generous, Ezra. Let us study to show ourselves 'workmen approved of God.' He cannot commend those of His disciples who disagree among themselves, you know."

"Pardon me, Ezra," Angeline said tremulously.

Her awkward lover drew his hat over his eyes, and with, "Excuse me, Angie—I didn't mean nothin'," walked rapidly toward the barn. The babies adored him and soon overtook him. He had the oriental fashion of carrying them astride his shoulders, and upon this occasion both rode.

"What a fine fellow he is!" I said turning to the crest-fallen girl beside me.

"O, he's good enough, but of the 'come day, go day, God send Sunday!' sort," she answered maliciously.

John had gone to the post-office for the mail. The daily papers had never been so prized, and were purchased of the newsman on the train. I determined to make his absence an opportunity for visiting my neighbor, whose sweet counsel had become to me a daily necessity and privilege.

"Good mornin', little Mamma," was her greeting. She had adopted John's favorite title for me. "You remind me of a June rose in your white dress and pink ribbons."

She was training some sweet peas under her dining room window.

"You see I keep 'em near me and guard 'em from the hens. They's an amazin' comfort," she said.

She employed the word comfort so often that I knew her heart to be burdened with some grief, although her voice and manner were invariably cheery.

"Let's sit on the front stoop. It's shady thar and the mornin' glories air a feast to one's eyes," she said.

Thither we went, and while we visited her fingers were industriously (though with apparent unconsciousness) plying her knitting, the occasional click of the needles forming the musical accompaniment to our voices.

"My dear," she said, "I've been thinkin' and thinkin' of all you told me the other day, and I'm not sayin' but it's interestin' and sort er allurin', 'specially to one like me, who, as you might say, haint no real amusements. But the more I think on it the surer I be that them new notions aint goin' to stand. You see it's puttin' the dictionary ahead of the Bible fer one thing. You weigh every word to see how much it'll carry afore you use it, jest like men do a freight car, only they label it and you don't. Agin, as our preacher says, it's wrong because it depends on the *person* how much a word *kin* hold.

It's strong or weak, accordin' to the amount of heart thar's in it. The steam engine sort er makes us wonder like when we look at it standin' on a track, even without no fire in it. It has such haulin' power we respect it on that account; but arter all it's the steam as does the pushin'. So with words. They may be powerful soundin', or like Grace, 'harmonious to the ear,' but the *real* value of the good they'll do—in givin' consolation to the fain'tin' heart or bringin' sinners to repentance—depends on the amount of spirituality thar is in 'em. Yes, deary, the kingdom of this world, like the Bible says of the kingdom of God, 'is *within you*.' Let your lovin' heart tell you what words to use, and if they's strong it's because your affection is more bubblier to-day than it was yesterday. 'Out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh,' you know. Bless you, child, the Scripture takes account of everything. The New Woman haint got to go a step farther nor it fer receipts fer livin'. I use it purty nigh every hour for Ezry an' me."

Her argument was indisputable, and proved that our boasted theories were only old ideas in modern clothing, and I said so.

"Yes, child, that's about it," she answered, "but they's a leetle more head—you'd call it mental—workin' among females now than in my day, an' it seems like some on 'em air tryin' ter shet out the affections too much, as if it was weak to own up to too much feelin'. Why, feelin', dear, is the salvation of this world, and no one can't live satisfactory without they's somethin' to care fer. Woman, she wuz made to look arter things to see that they don't go to waste. She may be abler these days to tell you why things is, but she haint no smarter at doin' of 'em than her sisters who worked cheerfully without questionin'. In the end, the Old Woman wont hev as many worn out nerves as the new one."

"That's a good man of your'n," she added abruptly, changing the subject.

"Yes, John is a darling," I answered with wifely pride

"You're rich," she continued, "when you hev things that no one can't buy—them babies an' him. The makin' of an ideel home, as you call it, depends on yourselves. The ingrejents is all in yer own hands if ye'll use 'em. You don't need no help from the dictionary nor empty words. 'Home's where the heart is,' is law enough fer both on ye. You'll forgive the plain talk of an old woman."

I took the hard, wrinkled palm between both my hands and told her how grateful I was for her interest.

"I can't help it, nohow," she said. "At the first sight of the earnest mother-look in them sweet blue eyes o' yourn my heart melted like taller, an' somehow you two—reminds me of my Lishar an' me." Her voice became tremulous and was pitched a key higher. "We warn't only four years together, but—I miss—him the hull time, an' am countin' the days till I'll jine him. If Angeline an' Ezry would only stop that emersion nonsense and git married, it seems as though I might be spared. Lishar'll need me most then, an' I've allers thought God would send 'er me soon arter. Enjoy every moment you an' him air together, my dear," she continued, "fer many's the time when you'll be wishin' fer a chance to live these days over."

The tears were falling like rain upon my hands now, and I drew the weary head toward me until it rested against my shoulder.

"You'll spile them pink bows," she said, with her natural thoughtfulness for others.

"I don't care if I do!" I exclaimed, kissing the sweet brow. "I'm going to be a daughter to you."

"God bless you! O, but He's good to me! But your bein' my daughter aint possible. How people would laugh at such a thing!"

"I am determined to be adopted," I continued, and rose to leave.

"I aint no way worthy of my manifold blessin's," she murmured, as she pressed my hand in parting.

On my return I found John reading his

mail. Upon his knee lay an open letter. As I entered he said:

"I am glad you've come, Emily."

"You want me?"

"I always want you," was his loving reply, while the smile in his eye told me that a pleasure was in store for me.

"My darling," he continued, with his usual directness, "something has happened which makes me a rich man. I cannot quite believe it myself."

I sank into the nearest chair.

"It cannot be true, John!" I gasped.

"But it is, dear."

"We will leave here?"

"Immediately. I must be in Chicago to-morrow night. But you don't regret that, surely, Emily. This heat, dust, and all! The ideal home is now a possibility, little Mamma."

How like a man to think that money can do anything!

Our friends were astonished and depressed over this sudden reversal of our calculations, but rejoiced with us in our good fortune.

That afternoon the heavens opened, and the parched earth received a most refreshing rain. Gently yet copiously it fell, and in gratitude for this providential aid our neighbors' spirits revived.

"It seems like a partin' blessin' on you and your'n. It'll give you an idee of what this place looks like when it has a chance," said Mrs. Bunter. We had promised to exchange visits and "keep sight of each other," as she expressed it.

Our last dinner had been first rigidly then tearfully served, Angeline's composure breaking down entirely when Jamie patted her caressingly as she tied the napkin around his baby neck.

The work was done, and I heard the

subdued voice of Ezra mingled with the milder tones of our maid as I passed through the hall to the veranda, where John was enjoying the second shower.

"Emily," said my husband, "I have been thinking of our future, its possibilities and probabilities, and, dear, there is to be no more speculation."

I was seated upon a stool beside him, and as he made this announcement I laid my head against his knee. He stroked my hair lovingly, resuming, "I have my part to perform in this ideal home, deary, and you may hereafter enjoy a *rainfall* without the fear of its endangering 'our all.'"

"Your sincerest effort has always been for me, John," I answered gratefully, "and I am so glad that we came here, for thanks to this experience and blessed Mrs. Bunter, I shall return to our dear little home with a new ambition, namely, to be the creditable granddaughter of my venerated grandmother. Ah, John, they may not know it, but the best type of the so-called New Woman is modeled after the old Colonial standard."

"Thank God for our little Mamma!" exclaimed John.

As we parted, the day following, Mrs. Bunter whispered:

"It's all right. Angeline she's give in, an' it's all owin' to you, they said. Somehow you set it straight between 'em." Then, looking anxiously about to ascertain that no one overheard her, she added, "An' now I'm a listenin' fer the call."

It came a few months later, and as I read Angeline's letter aloud to John, I could not help saying through my tears:

"I'm glad. Lishar needed her."

## IS IT UNCONSCIOUS ASSIMILATION?

By REV. W. W. GIST, D. D.

SOME years since a noted essayist appropriated a paragraph that had been written by another, and, as a consequence, he was accused of plagiarism. The evidence was conclusive. In explanation, the essayist said that it was a case of "unconscious assimilation." Many sneered at the explanation, but I have never questioned the honesty or sincerity of the writer in offering it. There are many astonishing freaks of memory. One mind is tenacious of facts. It holds with wonderful tenacity the time, place and circumstances under which a quotation was read, while the language of the quotation is wholly forgotten. Another person is noted for his verbal memory. He retains the exact words of a quotation, but forgets its origin. I believe there are yet others that have unconsciously reproduced paragraphs, poems, and even parts of sermons that had been read years before. I am free to admit that not one in a million probably ever does this, but I do not question the fact.

An American writer of more than a national reputation, in describing the first meeting of Irving and Scott, says:

The glorious old minstrel himself came hobbling to the gate, and took him by the hand in a way that made him feel as if they were old friends; in a moment he was seated at his hospitable board among his charming family.

Many years before, in describing the same interesting event in his early life, Irving wrote:

The glorious old minstrel himself came limping to the gate, took me by the hand in a way that made me feel as if we were old friends; in a moment I was seated at his hospitable board among his charming little family.

It will be noticed that the quotations are almost identical. The first person is changed to the third person, *limping* is changed to *hobbling*, and *little* is omitted. Did the American writer consciously

steal the paragraph? Probably not. It is more likely that he had read Irving's account for the purpose of describing the event, and then unconsciously reproduced almost the exact language. It is a grave fault in either case, but I am inclined to take a charitable view of it.

What shall we say of the many who claim the authorship of the charming little poem entitled "If I Should Die Tonight"? If the true history of all these claims could be written, it would make a startling revelation, no doubt, and we would probably have less faith in our fellow men.

I have in my scrap-book an interesting note, written by W. H. Winton and taken from the *Toledo Blade*. Touching this poem he says:

My wife wrote the piece several years ago, when she little thought she would recover from her severe sickness.

I did not know for several years that anyone else laid claim to the poem. In fact the claimants are many, or, I should say more accurately, that it has been attributed to many. It has been attributed to Henry Ward Beecher, F. K. Crosby, Robert C. V. Myers, Lucy Hooper and many others. Rider Haggard uses it in a mutilated form in "Jess," and one would infer that he lays claim to it. There are others who claim that Letitia E. Landon wrote the poem, but it cannot be found in the published volumes of her poetry.

The *Journal of Commerce*, New York, has given not a little time to tracing out the authorship of the poem, and in exposing false claims. In a recent editorial on the subject, the paper says:

Two young ladies, sisters, but living in different parts of the country, evidently supposing that the real author was no longer living—and they were safe in their pretensions—conspired to claim the authorship for one of them, and insisted that she had published it in *The Ladies' Wreath*, a magazine issued in this city on or about 1854. It so

happened that the writer of this article, although then employed on the *Journal of Commerce*, was, at the date named in the correspondence, the real editor of the magazine in question, and had a complete set of the issue for the whole period of its existence. On being confronted with this fact, the sisters were compelled to admit that they had invented the story to cover a claim they had made in a literary circle, where one of them read the lines as her own; and they acknowledged their guilt, begging us not to expose them. It was the old story, showing how one lie is the parent of numerous offspring. In reading the lines as her own, the girl supposed that this would be the only falsehood she would utter; but, when our quest became public, she felt impelled to justify her claim, and this only led to a series of misrepresentations, to be followed by a most bitter remorse.

The editor is charitable enough to withhold the names of the two ladies.

Miss Belle E. Smith, now a teacher in Tabor College, Iowa, claims that she wrote the poem in the winter of 1872-73, and sent it to *The Christian Union*. As a matter of fact it appeared in that journal, June 18, 1873. Miss Smith's claim is clear, distinct, definite. If any one finds that the poem was actually published previous to that time, her claim falls to the ground.

Within the last two years I have heard of another claim that is also somewhat definite. The authorship of the poem has been quite generally discussed in the local press of Southern Ohio. This new claimant is the Hon. Irvine Dungan, a former Member of Congress from one of the southern districts of Ohio. The first evidence that came to me seemed so conclusive that I started out with the intention of proving to the world that Mr. Dungan wrote the poem. I will now give some of the evidence that I found. The Ironton (Ohio) *Register*, under date of October 27, 1892, says:

We are informed by the *Portsmouth Blade* that Hon. Irvine Dungan did actually write the poem "If I Should Die To-night"; and quotes him as saying: "I do not care to pose as the author of a single poem, but the plain fact is I did write the poem and published it months before some literary thief picked it up, republished it and claimed whatever credit may attach to its authorship. It is a matter of little consequence, but this is the fact."

Of course this is sufficiently definite as to the claim. I addressed a note of

inquiry to Mr. Dungan, but he never deigned to reply. I continued to write letters. One of my inquiries came to the notice of the Waverly (Ohio) *Courier*, and the editor replied in his paper as follows:

And now comes an inquiry from a minister of Osage, Iowa, as to whether Hon. Irvine Dungan wrote the poem "If I Should Die To-night." In a recent issue of the *Courier* we said that in 1885 or 1886 he told us he did write the poem referred to. This is the most positive information we have on the subject.

The Jackson (Ohio) *Sun*, in speaking of the matter said:

In this year, 1869, Mr. Dungan wrote the poem above referred to, and read it at a meeting of the Jackson Literary Society. The poem was published at the time in the Jackson *Herald*. As Miss Smith claims to have written the poem in the fall of seventy-two, she will be compelled to admit that Mr. Dungan having written it during the winter of 1869, some three years before, it is quite a coincidence.

The Ironton (Ohio) *Register* quotes the above and then adds:

This puts the glory given to Miss Smith under a dark and lowering cloud.

Here we have the two claims clear and definite. Miss Smith claims to have written the poem in 1872. Mr. Dungan claims, or permits his friends to claim, that he wrote it 1869. We have documentary evidence that Miss Smith published it in 1873. It is only necessary to show that Mr. Dungan actually published it in 1869 and his claim is fully established and Miss Smith is proven to be a literary fraud. I addressed a letter to the editor of the Jackson *Herald*, requesting him to examine the files of his paper for the year 1869 and report to me whether he found the poem. He never replied. After waiting a few months I addressed a second letter to him with the same result. I then addressed a letter to a second person who, I thought, would have special interest in ascertaining the exact truth. He never examined the files of the paper or at least never made a report to me. I was not to be put off this way. I was determined to get the evidence if such evidence actually existed. I next wrote to a friend in an adjoining county to get some one to examine the files of the



paper for that year and to report whether the poem was there. I wanted the truth whatever it might be. This time I succeeded. A disinterested person looked through the files of the paper for the year 1869, and no such poem was found. The evidence that the friends of the Hon. Irvine Dungan relied upon to prove that he is the author of the poem is lacking. His claim falls to the ground.

I started out in the investigation with one thought simply, and that was to find the real author of the poem. I wanted to solve the problem for the satisfaction it would give me. I wanted the real author to have the honor. At the beginning I had no theory in mind. Once I nearly reached the conclusion that Miss Smith could not have written the poem. The evidence seemed to point in other directions. Still as I carried on my investigations, I found that Miss Smith's claim was the only one substantiated by documentary evidence so far as I could learn. The documentary evidence agrees exactly with her claim. I have therefore reached the conclusion that the poem must have been written by Belle Eugenia Smith.

What shall we say of the other claimants? Shall we account for their claims on the ground of "unconscious assimilation?" This would be too charitable a view to take in the case of all who claim the honor. The fact that the poem went

the rounds of the press for years anonymously was a temptation to several who appreciated its merits to claim it as their own. Let the truth triumph and the honor be given to whom it belongs. We quote the poem in full for the benefit of those who have not read it.

#### IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT.

If I should die to-night,  
My friends would look upon my quiet face  
Before they laid it in its final resting place,  
And deem that death had left it almost fair;  
And laying snow-white flowers against my hair,  
Would smooth it down with careful tenderness,  
And fold my hands with lingering caress,  
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night.

If I should die to-night,  
My friends would call to mind with loving thought  
Some kindly deed the icy hand had wrought;  
Some gentle word the frozen lips had said,  
Errands on which the willing feet had sped;  
The memory of my selfishness and pride,  
My hasty words, would all be put aside,  
And so I should be loved and mourned to-night.

If I should die to-night,  
Even hearts estranged would turn once more to me  
Recalling other days remorsefully;  
The eyes that chill me with averted glance  
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,  
And soften, in the old familiar way,  
For who could war with dumb, unconscious clay?  
So I might rest, forgiven of all to-night.

Oh! friends I pay to-night,  
Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow—  
The way is lonely, let me feel them now.  
Think gently of me; I am travel-worn;  
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.  
Forgive, oh! hearts estranged; forgive I plead!  
When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need  
The tenderness for which I long to-night.



### THE HOPE OF PARTING.

THE fond lips smile lest we should see the tears.  
The strong, firm hand-clasp trembles, spite of all.  
Could we but lift the veil that hides the years,  
Would joy stand there revealed, to hush our fears?  
Or would we, fainting, let the curtain fall?

Oh! smile again, dear one, and let us stay  
Our sinking hearts upon one precious thought,  
And each go comforted upon our way,  
Assured that we shall meet again some day,  
And sad farewells be then forever naught.

*Cora S. Day.*



## BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSSON.

BY J. CHRISTIAN BAY.

### I.

WE STAND upon the sandy beach of the Atlantic, watching the approach of a fleet. Onward she comes, the bold flotilla of Norwegian literature. One ship after another, westward bound, emerges from the horizon. Here is Alexander Kielland's elegant yacht, with two resplendent steel guns at the stem; there follows Jonas Lie's massive bark.—Onward, onward, men of a noble race! Forward, Leif Ericson; forward, conquering Norsemen!

Such is Björnsson's idea of the emigration of Norwegian literature to our shores.

If some one else had become inspired with a similar picture, he would have added to the foreground the image of a mighty viking ship, with its dragon's head and tail at stem and stern,—Björnstjerne Björnson's ship. The crew of this boat would be ideal types of Norsemen, and her sail would be Norway's old banner.

No other vessel in this fleet would be ahead of that of the chief. Kielland and Lie and—well—even Ibsen, himself, would follow.

Many years ago William Carpenter designated Ibsen as the "most formidable" among Björnstjerne Björnson's rivals. This distinction was maintainable in 1873, and is quite as applicable to-day.

For many and many years Björnson listened to the murmuring of the wind in the stately pines and the bushy firs on the rocks of Norway. The sunshine which rests upon the rippling waves of the Fjord, the deafening roar of the North Sea against the rugged coast of his native land, the runes which ages have written upon the brow of Scandinavia, have all chosen him their interpreter. What they have told him at summer time, when the cow-bells are heard on every *sæter* throughout Norway, and in

the dreary winter days, when Saga hovers about the fire-place, he has related to his sturdy countrymen, until it seems as though all their most beautiful sentiments of the past and present welled forth in song, sounding and resounding wherever a Norseman's heart was beating.

The song is yet lingering in the valleys and on the sunny plains. The strain long ago commenced emigrating to foreign shores. It is due, in the main, to Björnstjerne Björnson's poetic genius that the busy world has begun to bend its listening ear toward the land of the Yokul and of the midnight sun.

Norway's national poet is not engaged in open warfare against Ibsen, nor has even a friendly contest taken place between these two poets. But they are rivals, nevertheless, inasmuch as the one seeks for his pictures models from the spheres of life where reality and truth are cornerstones, while the other smiles bitterly and ironically at the faults of man, and at the seemingly irreparable complications in modern social life. The one maintains truth as the remedy, *præ ceteris*, which no social disease can possibly resist; the other has said and demonstrated,—if ironically or soberly, no one knows except Ibsen himself,—that happiness is possible only on the basis of "the life-lie." As to literary form, the one is massive, straightforward, frank and hopeful,—a man, indeed, with gigantic soul-proportions and a child's sincere and trustful heart; the other, grand, awe-inspiring, elegant and ironical.

Björnson is a living protest against Ibsen's fatal expression, "the life-lie." I think of him as the great vindicator of truth in all relations; as one of the few great dramatists of the present age whose ideal is the glorification of truth.

It has never come to pass that any live

being under the roof of the sky should need to thrive upon a lie. If the instincts of even the most primitive creatures were directed towards the unreal, the unsubstantial, then the animal, and probably a still wider range of life, would at once be doomed to extinction.

Only the human race should need a lie to continue its existence! Björnsson's muse is a deadly enemy of this last view.

Thus, the rivalry of the two great poets is far from being altogether inconspicuous. It is, moreover, highly significant, involving, as it does, the most important problem of the present age, namely, the suppression of social evil, and the promotion of universal felicity.

Three of Björnsson's latest dramas are illustrative of the strong undercurrent in the life of the poet and the man, much more than the long list of his other works. "Bankruptcy," "A Glove," and "Beyond Reach, Division the Second" (the last named being the very latest work from Björnsson's pen), form one of the most original and impressive trilogies in modern literature,—indeed, a unique *trilogy of truth*. Although these productions are comparatively less original than the poet's earlier works, the majority of which embodied the king's thoughts felt by every true Norseman in life's sacred moments, yet their significance is more general, by virtue of their broader and more universal scope.

## II.

I remember the première of "A Glove," at the Dagmar Theater in Copenhagen, as well as one other presentation of the play when Björnsson himself was present. Surely but a few of the spectators had a clear conception of the advent of more than a conventional society drama, with revolutionary tendencies, such as were extremely common during the last decade. But when at length the curtain fell before the declaration of eternal war against the idea of a union between a pure woman and a debauched man, the audience began to comprehend.—There lay the glove, the silent yet eloquent medium through

which an ideal demand was made upon society.—Was this the end? Not another act, another scene? Not even a prospect of reconciliation?—No; she had thrown her glove and was gone without even a last word to the man whom she had loved until she saw the darkening shadow of guilt upon his countenance. There he had remained standing, for a moment, surprised and shocked, like a man of good breeding met by doubled fists and plain language. There lay all that she had left behind her, a symbol, mute and lifeless, but yet, how significant!

Significant did "A Glove" become in the minds of Scandinavian men and women. Not that its teachings had never before reached the ears of the public, but that modern spirits were blind to the lesson, until the living word from the scene opened the eyes of those who were disposed to scorn the censure from other quarters. "A Glove" became, in spite of all Björnsson's adversaries, "a wet rag in the face" of society, and the man who hurled it needed no adverse or benevolent criticism, no explanatory side-lights or commentaries, to have his words, and their implication, rendered perfectly intelligible.

"A Glove" was the first of Björnsson's pleas for absolute truth in the most sacred relation between man and woman, namely, marriage.

## III.

Another plea, that of truth in business life, is embodied in "Bankruptcy." Listen to the scene between Behrens, the trusted investigator for the different banks which are interested in the affairs of a large saw-mill, and Tjælde, the owner of this establishment. Tjælde is on the verge of bankruptcy, yet trying to avert his ruin as a business man:

Tjælde [having seized a pistol from a desk in the room]: Do you think that I am willing to suffer the humiliation of bankruptcy, after having been the master of this town and the greatest man of this whole district?

Behrens: You have suffered it for a long time.

T: You have the power to ruin or to

save me. You have taken a course which deserves no forbearance,—and you shall have none. Report to the effect that I am good for \$70,000,—more I do not need,—but unable to reduce the principal for the term of one year. That will enable me to save all and pay everything. Now, accept this! My family; my old firm;—think of all those who will be ruined through me. But do not forget your own family, for if you refuse to grant me my right, neither you nor I shall leave this room alive.

B [pointing to the pistol]: Is it loaded?

T: You will learn in time whether or not. Now answer my question.

B: I make the motion that you first shoot yourself and then me.

T [approaching, pointing with the pistol to B's forehead]: Soon enough your joking will stop.

B [arising and producing a document from his pocket]: Here is an application for the appointment of a receiver. If you sign it, you will do your duty to your creditors, your family and yourself. If you should kill me and yourself, you would merely add one lie to the rest.—Lock up the gun and take the pen.

T: Never. I have realized my situation before to-day and planned my course. But now you shall follow me.

B: Do as you please. But you cannot threaten me into a lie.

T [recedes, leveling the pistol]: Now!

B [following, looking straight at him, until Tjælde lowers the weapon]: Do you think that I am not fully aware of the condition of the man whose soul has long felt the agony into which he was driven by lies and fear? Should I not know that you have many thoughts but no courage? *You dare not.*

T [in a rage]: You shall see. [Recedes from B.; lifts the pistol.]

B [following]: Shoot,—and you will hear a crack, if that is what you long for. If not,—free yourself from the lie, if that is yet within your power, and you will find that your bankruptcy will do you more good than your wealth has ever done.

When Tjælde, overpowered by the force with which truth finds its way into his heart, sinks into a chair, Behrens continues:

—And your wife?

T: My wife!

B: Yes. She has been a slave of all the dinner-parties that were intended to cover the deceit;—she was no doubt hitherto the weariest servant in your house.

T: My patient, pious wife!

B: I am sure you would much rather take the place of the lowliest workman

in your shops than once more live through your past sufferings.

T: Yes, a thousand, thousand times!

Upon this the bankrupt man changes his course of life, building up anew a solid business firm, and, when every item of debt has at length been paid, he feels that a blessing has fallen upon his home.

"Bankruptcy" is one of the most eloquent of modern attacks upon the lies that infect business life.

#### IV.

"Beyond Reach; Division the Second" is Björnson's latest and most finished drama. The giant watchman at Gaustad has given to the world a work of beaming hope, treating of the endless conflict between the working class and the lords and masters. He is afraid that "the despair of the people" may become too deep to be remedied; that the result of occasional local victories of dissatisfied workmen may kindle impure flames, without showing the right way along which the labor question should, as a whole, find its correct solution.

Bratt, a former minister of the gospel, who has given up Christianity and Church, and thrown himself into a struggle for the development of righteousness in the human society, is one of the leaders of the labor movement. He attempts the organization of a revolution against the men in the gilded palaces, who live high up on the mountain, far above the precipice below, where the miners are eking out a miserable existence, toiling for the maintenance of luxury and the hoarding of wealth.

Once upon a time, the miners lived on the heights; but soon the building lots became too expensive, and down they went to the edge of an old river-bed,—*"hell,"* as they have named it.

If any one becomes outlawed at the top of the mountain, *"hell"* has always room for him. He joins the ranks of waste existences; he becomes one of the many of whom but a few toil hopefully, no one gladly. Both he and his children will soon learn that those who reach the

bottom have no hope of ascending the decline.

Time passed, and at length the sighs and tears of the poor and dejected swelled to a wild outcry: *They* have robbed us of the sun. *They* have built their pal-

is a kind of an Almighty Father to provide even for the unhappy inhabitants of 'hell,' and that all contaminating substances are at ease where there is no sunshine. The sun kills the microbes, both those of the body and of the soul; the sun



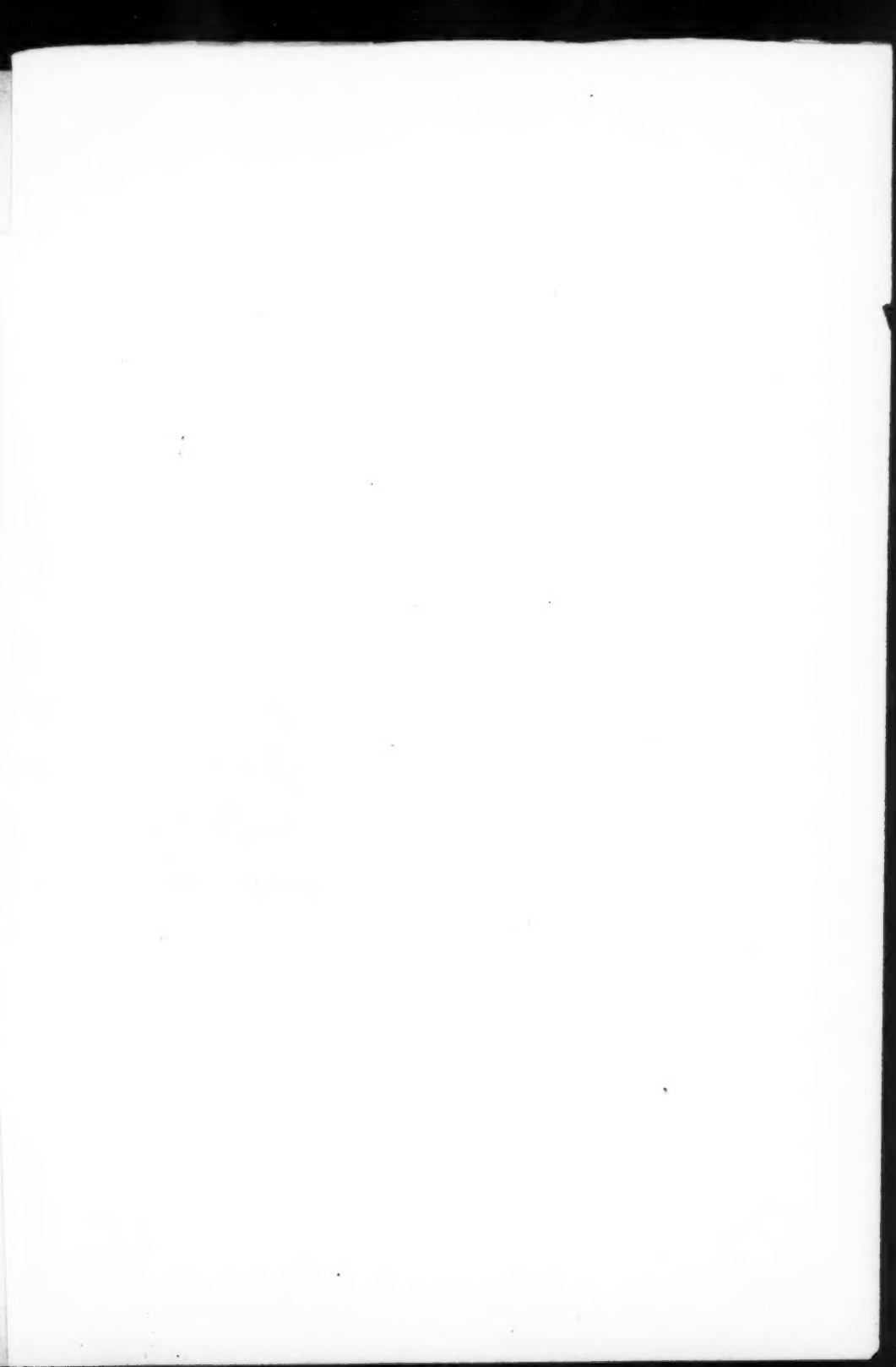
*Med Tack af Helsen*

*Bj.*  
*Björnstjerne Björnson*

aces on the wide, sunny plain. *They* will not permit us to stay among them.—Why should not all have an equal right to dwell at the sunny side of life?

"You know," shouts Bratt, "that there

means companionship; the sun inspires faith."—"When the rich rob the poor of clear daylight, they have violated one of Nature's laws," continues Bratt; and upon the foundation of this violence he builds









BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON.

From a photo presented Mr. Bay by the author.

the right of the poor to regain their loss by another violence.

Elias Sang is a young man who appreciates the hopeless condition of the working man's cause. Exhausting his own means to support the strikers, he resolves upon devoting himself to the happiness of his friends. One must dare to cross the fence and give an example. "If one

man makes the jump, others will follow, in this manner all revolutions were started. Tens and hundreds and thousands will follow. At length millions will join ranks, and break through and become invincible."

Dynamite is the weapon of the wronged men and women. The crack of the bombs will rouse the deaf or reluctant.

But to the leaders only one road is open, —that of death.

So Elias converts the quiet old mine into a fearful dragon, whose fire-jaws are ready, at a moment's notice, to swallow the magnates and their hollow glory.

The workmen's master and oppressor is Holger, a man of great power, obstinate and autocratic. He despises "the ant-hill times" and "the fantasy of the myriads." His religion is that of the master builder. Upon the contrast between the lord and his servants rests social life. The lords and masters who create fortunes and maintain the traditional contrasts in the world are *the nobility*. If the majority should gain even an inch of power and influence, the lords claim a right to level their batteries upon the usurping multitude.

While Holger and his friends hold a meeting at one of the illuminated palaces, called "the Castle," Elias explodes the mine under them.

But alas! Elias was mistaken. The dynamite proved a far more expensive advertisement of the workman's cause than anyone expected.

Elias is killed by Holger during the catastrophe, and leaves a sister behind him. Rachel is possessed of as great an inclination toward self-devotion as was her unfortunate brother. But there is one essential difference between the two: While both sides of the great conflict lack the *sense of reality*, Rachel is not "beyond reach"; honest, unselfish work in a hospital affords the soil in which her life is able to grow firm and strong.

The scene in which Elias, just before the catastrophe occurs, takes leave of his sister is one of transcendent beauty:

Elias: Something in life was always beyond our reach.

Rachel: But that should never be mentioned.—What we *did* reach is greater yet.

E: But while we were in possession of the greatest,—even then we were longing for what we never reached.

R: Weak moments.

E: *Weak moments!* [Kisses her] Now I kiss all the happiness that I never knew.

I kiss you,—you alone. Farewell, Rachel.

So much does this work contain about love, at a time when hardly another theme seems to be able to inspire an author.

Thus far the drama before us has offered no positive solution of the great problem of which it treats.

But in a postscript Björnson has added his faith and hopes of what the future will bring, and this part of the work is probably the most valuable.—It points towards a fresh dawn of civilization and culture, "when a few square meters of soil will suffice to feed a human being"; when all that is now expended for the maintenance of militarism shall be employed as a means of improving the conditions of the nation's citizens, and when it has been acknowledged that "*someone must begin to forgive.*"

The last sentence is, then, Björnson's contribution to one of the most eminent problems of the age. It has no trifling import, placed as it is upon the background of a future, when a new generation will have inherited our task of building a bridge across the roaring deep between the workman's shop and the master's stately residence.

One swallow makes not spring. But in founding his hopes upon the good will of a coming generation, Björnson is no lonely swallow. There is truth in youthful hopes; there is truth in men's honestly forgiving one another. The master who learns to see the truth of this view, and to act accordingly, will build his existence thereupon as firmly as erecting his house upon the solid rocks of old Norway.

Here we leave the poet, who lifts his arms toward the coming spring.

But while we admire and enjoy the splendor of Björnson's remarkable genius, and become truly edified by the sincerity and strength of its manifestations, our thoughts involuntarily turn toward the question, if the old bard is now, while the world assembles about his king's thoughts, really at home and at rest, so far as his fundamental principles of life

are concerned. Once a devoted Christian, with a child's rights in the church of the living God, with *Arne* he has crossed the mountains and at length pitched his tent near the great battle-fields of life. Once upon a time, his life was all peace and beauty. From his lonely valley in the North he gazed with widely opened, innocent eyes "o'er the tops of the mountains" into the great, mysterious world, where life's pulses are beating. "Strong like the wild animal the name of which

appears twice in his own,"\* he has fought his way along the highroads, with hatred toward injustice and falsehood, and with everlasting faith in the conquering powers of truth and of mankind's good will. The far-away land which he longed for is reached; on life's highroads there is, however, but little room for supernaturalism. Will the singer remain on the highroads, or will he choose the narrow path, and sing himself home once more?

\*Björn=bear.—Brandes is the author of this expression.



## FEDERATED CLUBS OF WASHINGTON.

BY JENNIE SIMPSON-MOORE.

THE question of a State Federation of Women's Clubs of Washington had been agitated for several months, when the Nesika and Aloha Clubs of Tacoma, and Dr. Sarah Kendall, Washington State Chairman of Correspondence, G. F. W. C., issued a call to the clubs of the State to meet in convention at Tacoma September 22, 1896, for the purpose of effecting such an organization. Though Washington is young as a State, and its oldest club has just reached its teens, twenty-two organizations responded to the call, which resulted in the formation of one of the most promising federations in the Union. The clubs are most of them very young; but they are, as a rule, composed of representative women, and the work accomplished would do credit to much older clubs, even though they be "back

in the States." Though I have searched systematically and conscientiously, I have failed to find even a memory of any club composed exclusively of women older than the Woman's Club of Olympia. My search revealed the fact that this is the oldest club in the Northwest, and the oldest but one (which is in Oakland, Cal.) on the Pacific coast.

Mrs. Abbie H. H. Stuart, Treasurer of the W. S. F. W. C., is known as the mother of this club, and is in reality the mother of the club movement in the Northwest. On the tenth of March, 1883, several ladies met to organize a woman's club, for "the mental improvement of its

members along intellectual lines." This meeting resulted in the formation of the Woman's Club of Olympia. This club has been, most of the time since its organization, the guest of Mrs. Stuart, who



MRS. AMY P. S. STACY,  
Of Aloha Club, Tacoma, and President of the W. S. F. W. C.



MRS. ALICE C. BAIRD,  
President Woman's Book Club, Everett, and First  
Vice-President of the W. S. F. W. C.

is known as one of the most enthusiastic club women of Washington. Enthusiasm, laudable as it is, is not the only way in which she shows her love for and faith in the good of the club movement. She has set aside land on which she will soon build a club home, a memorial to her husband, who, to quote Mrs. Stuart, "loved and believed in the Woman's Club movement as an educating and broadening influence of American womanhood."

The Woman's Club of Olympia was the first club in the State to join the General Federation, and the first woman's club in the country to establish initiation and installation ceremonies, and is the only club in the State of which I have any knowledge that issues traveling certificates, under seal, vouching for the good standing of the holder, and recommending her to the courtesies of other clubs. Mrs. Bessie T. I. Savage is now President of this flourishing club.

Spokane Sorosis, one of the best known and strongest clubs of the State, was the result of a meeting called January 24, 1891. Thirty ladies responded to the call, whose object was "to discuss the development of fellowship among women, and to promote the best methods of self-

improvement." The first year's work consisted of discussions of the leading questions of the day, with original papers. Parliamentary drills and study of Civil Government occupied part of the time. One year was devoted to the study of American History and German Literature. Another to the Scandinavian countries. Their present year-book presents such departments as Education, Law, Sociology, Household Economics, Parliamentary Law, Art, Science, Music, Debates and Current Events. Through the influence of this club the following organizations have been effected: The Woman's Exchange, Free Kindergartens and the Floral Association, of Spokane; the Floral Club, of Kettle Falls; Woman's Club, of North Yakima, and Neighborhood Club, of La Grande, Oregon. Spokane Sorosis has for its President Mrs. Esther Allen Jobs, State Chairman of Correspondence for Washington, and as honorary members Mrs. J. C. Croly, also Mrs. Mary P. Olney, the well known conchologist and botanist, who is the founder of the Spokane Academy of Science.

The Aloha Club of Tacoma was organized in 1891 by Mrs. Galusha Parsons. It is the largest club in the State, and its



MRS. EVA W. GOVE,  
Of Nesika Club, Tacoma, and Corresponding Secretary  
of the W. S. F. W. C.

membership, which is limited to sixty, is always full. The work of this large but harmonious club is in the hands of committees, who prepare programs upon Literature, Art, Music, Science, Sociology and Practical Questions, to which last named subject is devoted double the time spent on any other. Here is the fraternal home of Mrs. Amy P. S. Stacy, President of W. S. F. W. C.

For this gracious gift to the Federation the Aloha Club will always be kindly remembered by every club in Washington. With such a woman at the head of the newly formed federation, its aim to elevate, broaden and help women is sure of being attained. An earnest and enthusiastic club woman, she allows her light to shine, and all who come under her sweet, womanly influence are so infected that they feel better able to perform whatever duty presents itself, whether it be for home, church or club. In a letter recently received Mrs. Stacy said: "Such crude ideas prevail even in the Middle-West as to conditions in our Washington, that I am glad you are writing facts. The state of our adoption is one to be proud of, in spite of her mistakes, and we women may do much to make her a peer among her fair sisters. If our Federation is not po-



ABBIE H. H. STUART,  
Founder and First President of Woman's Club of Olympia,  
and Treasurer of the W. S. F. W. C.

tent toward this result I shall be greatly grieved and disappointed." The Nesika Club of Tacoma, which joined with the Aloha in the call for a state federation, owes its existence to Mrs. John I. Mason and Mrs. Beverly W. Coiner, who in September, 1892, invited fifteen ladies to meet with them "for the purpose of organizing a literary club." Though a small organization (its membership being limited to twenty) it has a recognized place in the foremost ranks of the literary clubs of Tacoma. Mrs. Coiner, its President, a bright, energetic and conscientious woman, has been identified with clubs for twenty years. She is a member of the Mother Chapter of P. E. O. at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, and was for years the leading spirit of a Shakespeare Club. Besides her work in the Nesika Club she is an active member of the Art League, the Ladies' Musical Club and the Free Kindergarten Association, and has been a member of the Board of Managers of the Children's Home for seven years. She is also a Daughter of the Revolution. Mrs. Gove, State Corresponding Secretary for W. S. F. W. C., is a member of this club.

In 1894 the Everett Book Club was organized by Mrs. Alice C. Baird, who is perhaps the best known club woman of



MISS FRANCES KNAPP,  
President Nineteenth Century Literary Club, Seattle,  
and Recording Secretary of the W. S. F. W. C.



MRS. GRACE BARRETT ROBERTSON,  
President of the St. Helens Club, Chehalis, and Auditor  
of the W. S. F. W. C.

Washington. The object primarily of this club was to found a free public library. They have not only attained their object (having recently presented the city with one thousand volumes), but have an established literary club of thirty-five women. This organization has materially aided the Everett Hospital and was recently the medium whereby a donation was sent to Clara Barton for the Armenian sufferers. It was also instrumental in organizing the Kindergarten Association and in establishing two free kindergartens. Thus their motto, "United Progression," is exemplified. Mrs. Baird is the only President of this flourishing club, and at the recent convention was elected Vice President of W. S. F. W. C. Of a most charming personality, clear-headed, and possessing great executive ability, her influence among women is inestimable.

In July, 1880, one month after the great fire in Seattle, while that city was still filled with smouldering *débris*, and business was being conducted under cover of tents, a number of women met *communi consensu* under the leadership of Mrs. William Marshall Schaffner and formed an organization for the purpose

of literary and social enjoyment, known as the Classic Culture Club, of Seattle, meeting weekly and doing diligent work in classic lore for two years; when, feeling the need of more perfect organization, a constitution and by-laws were adopted, September, 1891. Mrs. Rebecca J. Ely, who had been the leader for one year, was elected President and served two years. This Club has always followed the original plan of work, which is purely literary. It has a membership of twenty-five. The Classic Culture Club has the honor of ranking as the oldest club in Seattle and second in the state.

One of the strongest clubs in Seattle is the Woman's Century Club, which was organized July 31, 1891, with the now nationally known Mrs. Carrie Lane Chapman-Catt as its first President. This ranks among the progressive clubs of the State. In their year-book we find such topics as "The Negro Problem," "The Problem of Domestic Service," "The Unemployed," and the like. Once a month extemporaneous speeches form a part of their program. To this club belong many of the most intellectual women of the city and State. This is the club home of Mrs. Rose Simmons and Mary Barrett Hagan, of whom MIDLAND readers will



MRS. KATHERINE H. GILBERT,  
Of Woman's Club, North Yakima, and Trustee  
of the W. S. F. W. C.



soon know more, and of Mrs. Kate Turner Holmes, the mother of the Free Kindergarten movement in Western Washington. It was through the efforts of this club that the "age of consent" in Washington was raised from twelve to sixteen years. Its present membership is thirty-two, with Mrs. Elizabeth Lyle Saxon and Mrs. Carrie Lane Chapman-Catt as honorary members. Mrs. Celeste Langley Slauson is the Woman's Century Club's presiding officer.

Chapter A, P. E. O., came into existence September 22, 1896, and was organized by Mrs. Jennie Simpson-Moore. From the original seven charter members the club



DR. SARAH KENDALL,

Of the Woman's Century Club, Seattle, and Washington State Chairman of Correspondence, G. F. W. C.

has grown to be the second largest in Seattle, and numbers among its members many of the most cultured and intellectual women of the city. The first two years' work consisted of papers and discussions on miscellaneous subjects. Last year Greek Mythology, History and Literature were studied. The present year the club is devoting its time to the study of wood engraving and "A History of Our Own Times." Each year Current Events has formed a part of the program. A characteristic of Chapter A is its harmony and enthusiasm. Mrs. Charlotte G. Dingley is the present President of this Club.



MRS. ELLA K. PARSONS,  
President Aloha Club, Tacoma.

Chapter A enjoys the distinction of being the one club in all P.-E.-O.-dom to join the Federation.

The Estella Bachman Brokaw Club of Seattle was organized November 29, 1895, for the purpose of studying Single Tax and other economic questions. The executive committee of five prepare the program, which consists of papers by the members and speeches or drills by some local politician. The club membership roll is fifty-four, making it the largest



MRS. IDA HARE COINER,  
President of Nesika Club, Tacoma.



MRS. REBECCA J. ELY.  
First President of the Classic Culture Club, Seattle.

club in the city, and second largest federated club in the State. Dr. Annie K. Russell is the only President the Club has had.

In 1894 the Fortnightly Club was organized for the purpose of cultivating a more neighborly spirit among the ladies of Queen Anne Hill, though it has sought to make for itself a place among the literary clubs of the city. Its work has been so far mostly historical, though the laws of Washington pertaining to women



MISS H. C. GOODSPEED.  
President Classic Culture Club, Seattle.

and children have claimed part of its time. The original intention was to admit only residents of Queen Anne Hill, but this year they have invited others to join them. The Club has always met at the home of Mrs. C. M. Sheafe, its organizer and only President.

The Woman's Industrial Club was organized July, 1895. Its constitution says "its objects shall be mutual development, bettering of physical conditions and the elevation of tastes," and "any self-supporting woman may become a member of this Club by signing the constitution and paying the dues," which are fifty cents per year. The officers are elected every



CELESTE LANGLEY SLAUSON,  
President Woman's Century Club, Seattle.

three months. The present President, Miss Catherine Welsh, is a bright young woman who presides with quite as much dignity and has as much knowledge of parliamentary law as any mature club woman. Its meetings are most interesting and illustrate the executive ability of its organizer. The first part of each meeting is devoted to elocutionary drill,—not to make elocutionists, as I was informed, but to give expression to reading, and ease and grace to delivery. Then current events is taken up, and thus discussion is excited and investigation stimulated. Thus far the members of this

Club, with one exception, are girls who do kitchen work for a living. The founder of this Club, Mrs. Homer Hill, is a leading member of the Woman's Century Club and edits and publishes "*The Washington Women*," a neat four-page paper devoted to the interests of all club women. As a result of Mrs. Hill's editorials there have been organized similar clubs to the Woman's Industrial Club in Portland, Oregon, and Spokane and Everett have decided to do likewise. The results of this, the first club of its kind in the Pacific Northwest, will be watched with interest, though its success no one doubts, generaled as it is by Mrs. Hill.



MRS. CHARLOTTE G. DINGLEY,  
President P. E. O. Club, Seattle.

The most recent organization in Seattle is the Nineteenth Century Literary Club, which is composed of thirty young ladies. Though but a few months old, this club has come to the front and has received recognition as a most energetic and up-to-date band of young women. Its organizer and President, Miss Frances Knapp, was elected Recording Secretary for the W. S. F. W. C., and is a young lady of much literary ability.

The Wednesday Afternoon Club, of Edgewater, and The Free Kindergarten Club, complete the list of Seattle's federated clubs.



MRS. JENNIE SIMPSON-MOORE,  
First President of the P. E. O. Club, Seattle.

The Saint Helens Club, of Chehalis, was organized in February, 1895, by Mrs. Grace Barrett Robertson, with twelve charter members. It now numbers thirty, to which number the club is limited. This year its members are studying literature, art, science, and the vital issues of the day, and the programs indicate much study and careful preparation. The possibilities of such earnest workers can not be estimated.



DR. ANNIE KEIZER-RUSSELL,  
President Estella Backman Brokaw Single Tax  
Club, Seattle.



MRS. ANNA J. SHEAFE,  
President of the Fortnightly Club, Seattle.

The Woman's Club of North Yakima, which was organized 1894, was the result of very earnest and long continued efforts in that direction by one zealous and ambitious woman, Mrs. Susanna Steimeg, whose recent death was a great loss. The club meets weekly, devoting one meeting each month to practical questions, the other three to literature and art.

In March, 1895, ten ladies of Centralia decided to organize a reading circle for study and mutual improvement. They first took up "Idyls of the King," and from this took their name, "Ladies of the Round Table." The membership is limited to twenty and they work along the lines of the original plan, reading from the best authors.

The Woman's Reading Club of Walla Walla was organized in 1894 by half a dozen women who had been meeting once a week to read current literature. After adopting a name and constitution their line of work was broadened and they have done some original work. Their program for the coming year includes studies from American and English writers, and parliamentary drills. The motto of this little club suggests its work: "We all must read, you see, before we live."

The Woman's Club of Snohomish is the youngest federated club in the State,

having been organized in September, 1896. A peep into its dainty year-book suggests a very precocious infant. A committee of ladies who had charge of the free reading room had for some time been agitating the subject of a literary club, but lacked confidence in their ability to carry forward their proposed work. Mrs. Baird of Everett, ever ready to help a good cause, so encouraged them that the Club, young as it is, has a membership of twenty-four and is in a most flourishing condition. Mrs. Frances White Ransome is the presiding officer.

At Hoquiam there is a little band of enthusiastic workers known as the Woman's Literary Club, which began its existence November 4, 1894. It is the result of informal meetings to review books. Mrs. Georgina Keath is its efficient president.

The other clubs which are members of the newly formed Federation are the Cultus Club of Spokane, the Tacoma Musical Club, and the Kindergarten Club of Tacoma, and the Ladies' Society of Literary Explorers of Port Angeles. No club in the State yet owns a home of its own. In most places clubs meet with the members, though a few have rented rooms. Prominent club women of Seattle are now directing their efforts to the form-



MISS CATHERINE WELCH,  
President Women's Industrial Club, Seattle.

ation of a city federation. It has been my aim to include in this article every federated club in the State, as all clubs joining before January 1st are deserving of mention as charter members.

The pronounced success of the woman's club movement in Washington indicates to some extent the ability not only of organizers and leaders of clubs, but of Washington women generally.



## JOHN BROWN AND HIS IOWA FRIENDS.

By B. F. GUE.

### IV.

VOLUMES have been written in this country and Europe on John Brown, the liberator and martyr, who gave his life without a murmur to free the slaves. The noblest men and women of his generation have given tributes to his unselfish life and his fidelity to duty as he saw it—a fidelity which led him to the scaffold. His name will live in history for all time. But little is known of his twenty-two followers who, in the early morning of their lives, actuated by the same spirit of self-sacrifice, enlisted in his "forlorn hope" and bravely marched to heroic deeds and almost certain death. In the world's history, no more desperate and apparently hopeless undertaking has ever been entered upon by sane men. The chances for success were not one in a thousand; and yet these young men were so imbued with their leader's abhorrence of slavery, a fierce and fearless determination to devote their lives to its destruction, that they stopped not to count the cost or to coolly consider the chances for success. They had such confidence in the wisdom, courage and invincibility of their leader that, where he commanded, they marched without a murmur; where he would lead, they hesitated not to follow.

Not one of them could have been actuated by selfish motives. There was no hope of reward even in case of success. There was no pay for time or services, promised or expected. There were no honors to be won; there was no glory to be achieved. They fully realized that

death was far more likely to meet them than was success. And yet twenty-two young men in the fervor of youth freely offered their services, and their lives if need be, to strike a blow at American slavery, which they firmly believed would, in some way not clearly developed, result in its final overthrow. As unlikely as it appeared to all the world besides, they were not mistaken. They sacrificed their own lives, but the sacrifice proved to be the firebrand that in less than five years melted, with the red glare of a hundred battle-fields, the shackles from four millions of slaves. Most of Brown's men perished in battle and on the scaffold, and their names have almost been forgotten. Col. Richard J. Hinton has recently given to the world a carefully prepared biographical sketch of each member of the immortal band.\* Colonel Hinton was an intimate friend and associate of John Brown and several of his men, and writes from personal knowledge of the high character and unselfish devotion of the young men who struck the blow for freedom at Harper's Ferry. Here is the list of those who answered to the last roll call at the Kennedy farm on Sunday morning, October 16, 1859, the day they marched for Harper's Ferry:

John Brown, Captain; his sons, Owen, Watson and Oliver; John Henry Cook, Aaron D. Stevens, Francis J. Merriam, Charles P. Tidd, John Henri Kagi, Edwin Coppoc, Barclay Coppoc, William

\*See, in the "American Reformers' Series," "John Brown and His Men," by Richard J. Hinton.

Thompson, Dauphin A. Thompson, Jeremiah G. Anderson, Steward Taylor, William H. Leeman, Albert Hazlett, Osborn P. Anderson, John A. Copeland, Dangerfield Newby, Lewis A. Leary, Shields Green and John Anderson. The last five were colored men. The Coppoc brothers, Jeremiah G. Anderson and Steward Taylor were from Iowa. One of the purposes of this article is to tell something more of these Iowa men than is generally known, as the time is not distant when their names and deeds will occupy a prominent place in our history.

Steward Taylor was born at Uxbridge, Canada, October 29, 1836. He came to Iowa when but seventeen years old, and learned the wagonmaker's trade at West Liberty. Here he became acquainted with George B. Gill, who took him to Springdale in the winter of 1858, and at John H. Painter's house they met John Brown. Young Taylor was greatly impressed with the fervor of the old "hero of Ossawatimie," and listened eagerly to his recitals of the horrors of American slavery. He made the acquaintance, also, of the brilliant young men who were drilling under Stevens at the Maxson farm, for the Harper's Ferry campaign, and soon after enlisted with them. When the Chatham Convention was held, he went to Canada to attend it. While waiting for the leader to complete his plans for the invasion, Taylor found work at his trade in Illinois. He waited impatiently for many months for notice to join the expedition. At times he feared that he was not to be included in the select band that was to strike the blow, and he wrote to an Iowa friend: "My hopes were crushed, and I felt as though I was deprived of my chief object in life. I believe that fate has decreed me for this undertaking, although at one time I had given up being wanted." But early in July, 1859, a letter came from Kagi telling him to "come on." He wrote back: "It is my chief desire to add fuel to the flame. My ardent passion for the work is my thought by day and my dream by night." He raised what money was due

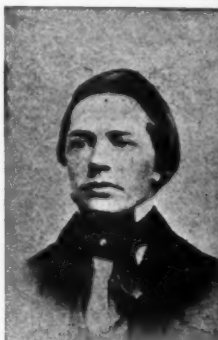
him, and at once started for the rendezvous at Chambersburg, Pa., paying his own expenses. He was now twenty-one years of age, and is described as of medium height, rather heavy in build, strong and capable of great endurance. His complexion was dark, his hair reddish-brown, his eyes dark brown, large and full. He was smooth-faced and boyish looking. He was a constant student, always carrying books with him. He was a stenographer, and he played the violin. He was quiet but persistent in his purposes, faithful, courageous and loyal. When John Brown issued his eleven orders, just before the night attack, No. 6 required Captain Watson Brown and Steward Taylor to "hold the covered bridge over the Potomac, and arrest anyone attempting to cross, using pikes, if resistance is offered, instead of Sharpe's rifles." Taylor was cool and fearless throughout the terrible conflict. He escorted one of Brown's prisoners to his home, to let his family know of his safety, and brought him back through crowds of armed, excited, desperate, drunken men. Later on in the day, while bravely fighting near the engine house, he received a mortal wound. He fell in the thickest of the fight, and suffered great agony for three hours, when death came to his relief. The day before the attack he remarked to his comrades that he felt he would be one of the first killed. He was so impressed with the presentiment that he wrote farewell letters to his friends at home, and then calmly marched to his death. Anne Brown, who kept house for her father, brothers and their comrades at the Kennedy farm, says of Steward Taylor: "He was one who could never have betrayed a friend or deserted a post."

Jeremiah G. Anderson was the grandson of an officer of the American Revolution. His father, John Anderson, left the slave state of Virginia soon after his marriage, and settled in Putnam county, Indiana, where Jeremiah was born on the 17th of April, 1833. After his father's death, his mother moved with her family

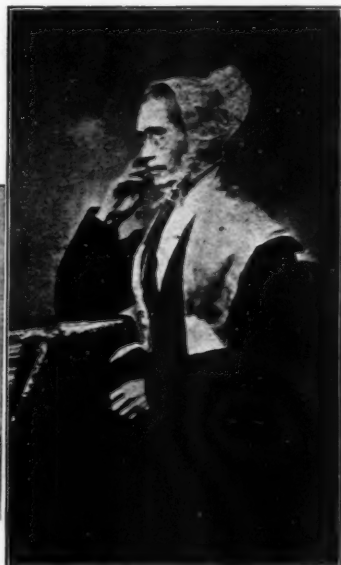


to Des Moines, Iowa. Jeremiah was well educated. He was sent by his mother to a Presbyterian academy at Kossuth, in 1854, to prepare for the ministry. Hon. James W. McDill, afterwards Judge and United States Senator, was one of his instructors. Judge McDill said "he was an eccentric young man, quiet and very studious." But he had no taste for the orthodox ministry. In an essay he declared his belief in universal salvation, and soon after became a spiritualist. In 1857 Jeremiah went to Kansas and took a claim on the Little Osage. He joined Colonel Montgomery's army and fought with him to make Kansas a free state. He afterwards served under John Brown, and was with him in one of his successful incursions for the liberation of Missouri slaves. He again joined his old commander in New York where he was organizing the Harper's Ferry campaign, and was one of his most trusted and faithful friends. John Brown told Gerrit Smith that "Anderson was more than a friend; he was as a brother and a son." Three days before his execution Captain Brown said: "My brother Jeremiah was fighting brave-

ly by my side at Harper's Ferry up to the moment when I was struck down." When Colonel Lee's marines broke through the barricade and charged on its five defenders, Anderson was pierced with three bayonets as his smoking rifle fell from his grasp. Mortally wounded, he was dragged out by his captors and thrown down on the stone flagging and left to the mercy of the brutal crowd. He lingered there in great agony for three hours, subjected to the most fiendish tortures. A gang of Virginia "chivalry" now mustered courage to approach the disarmed and dying man, kicking his face with their heavy boots, then opening his eyes they spit tobacco juice into them, while others forced their filthy quids into his mouth amid laughter, jeers and horrid oaths. When death finally ended his sufferings, two village doctors came along and crowded his mutilated body into a salt barrel, stamping it down with their feet. They carted their prey off toward their office, and that was the last seen of Jeremiah G. Anderson, the close friend of John Brown, and one of the bravest Iowa soldiers who ever marched to the field of death.



Edwin Coppoc.



Mrs. Coppoc.



Barclay Coppoc.

THE COPPOCS, MOTHER AND SONS.

Edwin Coppoc was born near Salem, Ohio, June 30, 1835. His father died when he was a child. He lived many years with his grandfather, going to district school and working on a farm. He is described as a studious, industrious boy of cheerful disposition. His eyes and hair were brown, and his skin fair. His head was large and well formed; he was fond of athletic sports, and was a genial companion. As a young man he was intelligent, active, brave, loyal, and the soul of honor. He had winning manners, was amiable, generous and kind. Anne Brown says of Edwin: "He was a rare young fellow, fearing nothing, yet possessed of great social traits, and no better comrade have I ever met." His mother was a woman of unusual intelligence and force of character. She strongly opposed the determination of her sons to enlist in the desperate enterprise. She had married again, and her sons were living with her at Springdale, when John Brown and his men came there to prepare for the Virginia invasion. Her boys eagerly listened to the story of the wrongs and cruelties inflicted upon the helpless slaves, as eloquently told by John Brown, and longed to help them to freedom. Edwin and his younger brother, Barclay, at last determined to join the brilliant young men\* who were drilling at the Maxson farm that winter, and follow wherever the old liberator should strike the next blow for emancipation. On the 15th of July, a letter came from John Brown requesting them to come on to Chambersburg, Pa. On the 25th they bade their mother good-by, and started ostensibly for Ohio. But their mother was not deceived; she knew too well their destination, and expected never to see them again.

Order No. 9, made out by Captain Brown the day of the attack, details "Lieut. Albert Hazlett and Edwin Coppoc to hold the armory opposite the engine house after it is taken, remaining there until morning, when further orders

\*Among their number were poets, scholars, orators and heroes of the Kansas war.

will be given." The fight began early in the forenoon, and Brown was so hotly engaged that his usual good judgment failed him, and he did not realize their great peril until his little band was hemmed in on all sides by overwhelming numbers, and retreat to the mountains was impossible. His detachments, widely separated, stood at their posts with a courage never surpassed in the annals of warfare. One by one they fell before the volleys pouring in upon them from every side. We hear of Edwin Coppoc standing at his post at the armory gates, while balls rained around him like hailstones. Soon after he joined Brown at the engine house and the siege began. Watson and Oliver, sons of the leader, were mortally wounded but the heroic Watson fought on to the last. John Brown, his son, Watson, Jerry Anderson, Edwin Coppoc, Dauphin A. Thompson, Steward Taylor and Shields Green were now the only survivors left on the Virginia side. Escape was impossible, and they determined to die fighting, knowing that no mercy would be shown them as prisoners. Col. Robert E. Lee, who was now in command of their assailants, sent a message to Brown demanding his surrender.

"No!" said Brown, "we prefer to die here."

Firing began again on both sides, while Lee formed a column for assault.

Few know how near the coming Southern Confederacy came to losing its greatest military leader, at this moment, at the hands of an Iowa boy. Edwin Coppoc saw from his porthole the blue uniform of the commander, and instantly drew a deadly bead on Lee at close range. Jesse W. Graham, one of Brown's prisoners who was watching Coppoc, knew Lee, and saw his danger. Instantly springing forward he caught hold of the rifle before Coppoc could fire, and during the struggle Lee stepped out of range, and so lived to strike the deadliest blows against his country that it ever encountered. Had Coppoc's bullet gone to its brilliant mark, a hundred thousand lives of American soldiers might have been spared.

When the shock of the final charge came, Brown, Anderson and Thompson went down beneath the savage thrusts of sabres and bayonets. Edwin Coppoc fired the last shot, and he and Green alone were left unhurt to surrender. The fight was ended. Ten of the little band were slain. Brown and Stevens were desperately wounded, and, with Coppoc, Green and Copeland, were prisoners. William Thompson and W. H. Leeman, who had before surrendered, were butchered in cold blood by the Virginia "chivalry." Harper's Ferry had been held fifty-eight hours by seventeen men, against the assaults of from 500 to 1,500 armed citizens and militia from Maryland and Virginia.†

Nowhere in modern warfare is there recorded such an unequal contest of similar duration. Of the immortal seventeen, three were Iowa boys under twenty-four years of age. On the twenty-second of November, Edwin Coppoc wrote home an account of the battle, from which I give a few extracts:

Eleven of our little band are now sleeping in their bloody garments with the cold earth above them. Braver men never lived; truer men to their plighted word never banded together. . . . . As our comrades fell, we could not minister to their wants as they deserved, for we were surrounded by troops firing volley after volley, and we had to keep up a brisk fire in return to keep them from charging upon us. Watson Brown was wounded on Monday, at the same time Stevens was, while carrying a flag of truce; but he got back to the engine-house. He fought as bravely as any man. When the fight was over, he got worse. He and Green and myself were put in the watch-house. Watson kept getting worse until Wednesday morning, and begged hard for a bed, but could not get one. I pulled off my coat and put it under him, and placed his head in my lap, and in that position he died. . . . . Whatever may be our fate, rest assured we shall not shame our dead companions by a shrinking fear. They lived and died like brave men; we, I trust, shall do the same.

†Hinton gives the loss of life as follows: Of Brown's band, ten were killed and seven more executed; of the liberated slaves, seventeen were slain; of the citizens and soldiers, eight were killed and nine wounded. Total killed, forty-two.

On the 19th Edwin Coppoc, Green and Copeland were taken to Charlestown jail which was guarded by state militia with two cannon trained on it. Edwin's trial began on the afternoon of November 1st and ended next day with his conviction. He was sentenced to be hung on the 16th of December. He bore himself bravely through the ordeal and calmly awaited his doom. He and Cook were confined in the same cell and were very warm friends. Great sympathy was felt for Edwin Coppoc, and it was not confined to his Ohio and Iowa friends. Even Governor Wise could not refrain from expressing his admiration for his noble bearing through all the trying scenes of the battle, the surrender, the trial and conviction. He asked no favors, made no complaints, but calmly accepted the consequences of his heroic effort to free the slaves. He faced his awful doom without a murmur. His grandfather and uncle from Salem, Ohio, and Thomas Gwynn of Cedar county, Iowa, went down to Virginia to appeal to Governor Wise for a commutation of his sentence to imprisonment, and to his credit let it be known that the Governor made such a recommendation to the Legislature, as in cases of treason he had not the power to interfere. A committee of that body recommended the commutation, but the Virginia Legislature demanded his death. Shields Green, the faithful negro, managed to secrete an old knife when captured, which he now gave to Coppoc. Edwin contrived to notch the blade into a rude saw. With this he and Cook sawed the shackles from their limbs and, digging a hole through the brick wall of their cell the night before execution, they made a bold strike for freedom. But the guards discovered them as they crept out and they were returned to their cell.

The few remaining hours of their lives were spent in writing farewell letters to their friends. Edwin had carried in his pocket a daguerreotype of his friend Elza Maxson, given him when he left home. He now took the plate out of the case and

on the back of it inscribed this last message:

"Dear Elza, farewell. Edwin Coppoc."

He then replaced the plate and gave it with his other articles to his Iowa friends to carry home. No one knew of the message when his things reached his mother. After her death the daguerreotype with other things of little value were thrown into a corner of the Coppoc house and forgotten. Elza Maxson was one day visiting the old home and saw the picture he had given his schoolmate twenty-six years before. Impelled by a strange impulse he removed the plate from the old case and discovered Edwin's long hidden



AVERY L. SMITH.\*

Author of one of the two anonymous letters informing the War Department of the John Brown Raid.

message which had come to him at last.

The morning of their last day dawned upon Cook and Coppoc. They were as calm and brave in death as they had been all through the two days of fierce battle. Their comrades, Green and Copeland, were executed at 10:30 A. M., December 16th, and at half-past twelve Cook and Coppoc were taken from their cells. They were permitted to bid Hazlett and Stevens goodbye, on their way to the scaffold.

\*Mr. Smith soon after removed to Buffalo, N. Y., and became a wholesale merchant there. He died in that city several years ago. The motive for writing these letters is for the first time given to the world in the February MIDLAND.

fold. When the black caps were drawn over their heads, they clasped each others' hands in a last farewell, and calmly met their doom. Edwin's body was taken by his friends to his boyhood home at Salem, and there laid to rest among his kindred.

Barclay Coppoc, Edwin's younger brother, was born January 4, 1839. He was somewhat taller than Edwin, of slender build, brown hair, bold, large eyes and a determined expression. He was threatened with consumption from boyhood. When nineteen years of age he joined a party going to Kansas. Emigrant life improved his health and he enjoyed the stirring events of the free-state conflict with the Missouri invaders. Here he met Aaron D. Stevens, Richard Realf and John Brown, and enlisted in some of their expeditions. When his old leader came to Springdale, a year later, Barclay was ready to again take up arms against slavery under his former commander. As we have seen, he was not in the desperate fight at Harper's Ferry, from the fact that he was sent with Owen Brown's party to guard their arms on the Maryland side. After all was lost and they escaped to the mountains, Owen Brown was by common consent made their leader. A large reward was offered by Governor Wise for their arrest and delivery to the jail of Jefferson county. The country was soon alive with armed men hunting for the fugitives. Governor Wise described Barclay Coppoc as follows:

He is about twenty years of age; is about five feet seven and a half inches in height, with hazel eyes and brown hair, wears a light mustache, and has a consumptive look.

Each member of the party was as minutely described. Cook was so well known at Harper's Ferry that a perfect description was given of him, and a reward of \$1,000 was offered for his capture. As they passed near Chambersburg, in the mountains, Cook could not resist the temptation to venture into that town in the darkness of night to see his young

wife and say good-bye before going on to Canada. His companions protested most earnestly, but he started on, after appointing a place to meet them before morning. They waited at the meeting place long and anxiously, but never saw him again.

The story of the fearful sufferings of these men, as they wandered for thirty-six days through the wilds of the Maryland and Pennsylvania mountains, would fill a volume. Subsisting on unground field corn, occasional fruit, a raw chicken now and then, without shelter or fire, huddling together when sleeping amid chilling rains, sleet and snow, with feet lacerated by sharp rocks and thorns, always nearly perishing from hunger, human suffering reached its limit. They were pursued by human and brute bloodhounds—the first eager for blood money, and the latter thirsting for their life blood. Merriam soon gave out. He was left on a railroad track, and entered an obscure station, and, at great risk, took a train and escaped. After reaching northern Pennsylvania, starving and utterly exhausted, the others at last ventured to seek shelter at a farm-house. Weeks had elapsed since they had escaped, and not a word had reached them of the fate of their comrades. A paper was lying on the table. Tidd took it up and began to read. His face paled as he read on. Owen and Barclay were watching him intently. With a forced calmness Tidd then began to read aloud the story of the trial and death sentence of John Brown and Edwin Coppoc, and the capture of Cook and Hazlett. Tears rolled down Barclay's cheeks as the fate of his brother, the old Captain and the gallant Cook was read; but not a word dared they utter. After leaving them, it seems that Cook had suddenly come to a clearing in the woods before dark, and found himself face to face with three woodchoppers. Two of them were stalwart brothers named Logan, professional slave-catchers. They had seen the description of Cook, and knew of the \$1,000 reward. They recognized and seized him

at once, and, binding his arms, they delivered him over to the Virginia officers, and pocketed the reward.

One of the Logans joined the rebel army two years later and was killed by a Union bullet. The other lived many years, always suffering remorse for their infamous sale of the gallant Cook to the Virginia hangman. He was finally crushed to death beneath the wheels of a railroad train.

The three famished men traveled on, after a night's rest for the first time in a month under a roof, and after a few days more felt reasonably safe to travel by daylight. Coppoc soon after took the cars for Iowa which he safely reached, worn almost to a skeleton by starvation and exposure. He appeared suddenly in his old home on the 17th of December and met a warm and tearful welcome. His brother Edwin and his comrade Cook had died on a Virginia scaffold the day before. Barclay was so near death from his terrible sufferings, that his Springdale friends determined to defend him in his own home from surrender to the Virginia hangman. Armed and drilled, the guard kept nightly watch over him for many weeks. F. C. Galbraith, of Springdale, thus describes the plans of his defenders:

Springdale is in arms and prepared at a half-hour's notice to give his pursuers a reception of 200 shots. There are three of our number who always know his whereabouts, and nobody else knows anything of him. He is never seen at night where he was during the day, and there are men on watch at Davenport, Muscatine, Iowa City, West Liberty and Tipton. It is intended to baffle them in every possible way without bloodshed.

On the twenty-third day of January, 1860, in company with the late Gen. Ed Wright (both of us being members of the Legislature then in session), I went into the executive rooms on business with Governor Kirkwood. We found in conference with the Governor a pompous-looking man, who seemed to be greatly excited. Governor Kirkwood was calmly listening to the violent language of this individual, who was swinging his arms

wildly in his wrath. The Governor quietly suggested to the stranger that "he had supposed he did not want his business made public."

The rude reply was: "I don't care a d—n who knows it now, since you have refused to honor the requisition."

The pompous man then proceeded to argue the case with the Governor, and we soon learned that he was an agent from Virginia bearing a requisition from Governor Letcher\* for the surrender of Barclay Coppoc.

In reply to a remark by the agent, that Coppoc might escape before he could get the defect in the requisition cured, the Governor, looking significantly at *us*, replied, "There is a law under which you can arrest Coppoc and hold him until the requisition is granted," and the Governor reached for the code. We waited to hear no more; but, saying to the Governor that we would call again when he was not engaged, and giving him a look that was a response to his own, we walked out.

We felt there was not a moment to lose if we would save Coppoc from the Virginia gallows. We hastily communicated with J. W. Cattell, J. B. Grinnell, David Hunt, Amos Hoag and other well known anti-slavery members of the Legislature. It was instantly decided that a special messenger must be sent to warn Coppoc and his friends of the danger. A purse was hastily made up, and Isaac Brandt was delegated to find a man of nerve, who could endure a horseback ride in midwinter of a hundred and sixty-five miles without sleep or rest. He soon produced a small, wiry young man, who was an experienced horseman and as tireless as a cow-boy. His name was Williams. A fast horse was procured, while Williams equipped himself for a ride for life. Credentials were hastily prepared, to be presented by our messenger to the agents of the "underground railroad" on the route, to enable him to procure fresh horses at each point without delay. A note was written to a

trusted friend at Springdale, of which the following is a copy:

DES MOINES, January 23, 1860.

JOHN H. PAINTER—There is an application for young Coppoc from the Governor of Virginia, and the Governor here will be compelled to surrender him. If he is in your neighborhood, tell him to make his escape from the United States.

YOUR FRIEND.

It was not prudent to sign a name to the note, but it bore its stamp of genuineness, in the well known handwriting of Senator Cattell with which Painter was familiar. In less than two hours from the time we left the Executive rooms, the sharp rapid strokes of the shoes of a fast horse on the frozen ground resounded on the old stage road out by the "Prairie Queen," and on to Four Mile Ridge. The rider was enveloped in a huge buffalo overcoat and fur cap, while a small leather saddle valise carried his baggage and refreshments to fortify against a piercing east wind which he faced. His instructions were to reach Springdale as soon as horse flesh and human endurance could make it, and then rest, sleep, and return at his leisure.

We confidently expected that Mr. Camp, the Virginian, would take the first stage east which traveled day and night with frequent change of horses, and arrest Coppoc before his friends could be rallied. We knew there was a drilled band of seventy-five determined young men in and about Springdale who were well armed, and had declared that Barclay Coppoc should never be surrendered to the Virginia Governor who had a few weeks before hung John Brown, Edwin Coppoc, John E. Cook, Shields Green, and John Copeland. If our messenger could reach Springdale before Mr. Camp could get to Iowa City and procure a posse to make the arrest, a bloody conflict would be prevented, and Coppoc could reach a place of safety.

On the morning of the 25th, Mr. Williams alighted from his last foaming horse at John H. Painter's, and Barclay Coppoc was saved.

When Mr. Camp reached Iowa City, he heard of the armed guard of Coppoc's friends at Springdale, and remembering

\* Governor Wise's term expired January 1, 1860, and he was succeeded by Governor Letcher.



that John Brown, with seventeen young men of the same stamp, had held Harper's Ferry two days and three nights against a thousand armed Virginians, he had no consuming desire to lead an officer's squad against the Sharpe's rifles of Coppoc's defenders. He slunk away to Muscatine to wait for legal requisition papers.

The day after our messenger started, it became known that Governor Kirkwood's legal learning had enabled him to detect some fatal flaws in Governor Letcher's requisition papers, and that he had refused to surrender Coppoc. M. V. Bennett (a bitter Democratic partisan member of the lower house of the Legislature from Marion county) presented resolutions of inquiry, some time after the affair became public, as follows:

"Whereas A requisition was made on the Governor of Iowa, by the Governor of Virginia, for Barclay Coppoc, an alleged participant in the difficulties at Harper's Ferry, Virginia, as a fugitive from justice, and

Whereas, The Governor of Iowa has refused to deliver up said Coppoc under said requisition, alleging technical defects therein;

Therefore be it resolved, That the Governor of Iowa be requested to lay before this House a copy of the requisition directed to him by the Governor of Virginia, and all matters connected therewith; also to inform this House whether he possesses any knowledge in regard to a rumor that a special messenger was dispatched to inform Coppoc of his danger; and if so, by what authority said messenger was dispatched to inform Coppoc of his danger."

On motion of W. H. F. Gurley, of Scott county, the resolutions were somewhat changed and passed. In response to them Governor Kirkwood sent all the papers in the case to the House, with a special message, which is excellent reading even now after thirty-six years have elapsed, but too lengthy for this paper.

Briefly, the reasons Kirkwood gave for refusing to order Coppoc's arrest were:

First.—No indictment had been found against him.

Second.—The affidavit was made be-

fore an alleged notary public but was not authenticated by a notary's seal.

Third.—The affidavit did not show that Coppoc was in Virginia aiding and abetting John Brown.

Fourth.—It did not legally charge him with commission of any crime.

The Governor says:

It is a high prerogative of official power in any case, to seize a citizen of the state, and send him upon an *ex parte* statement without any preliminary examination, and without confronting him with a single witness, to a distant state for trial. It is a prerogative so high that the law tolerates its exercise only on certain fixed conditions, and *I shall not exercise that power to the peril of any citizen of Iowa, upon demand of the state of Virginia, or any other state, unless these conditions are complied with.*

The fact that an agent of Virginia was here with a requisition for Coppoc became publicly known, solely through the acts of that agent himself. After I had communicated my determination to him not to grant the warrant, he sat in my office conversing with me on the subject. During our conversation, other persons came in, and to my surprise he continued the conversation in their presence. I said to him that 'I supposed he did not wish his business made known to the public.' He replied that as the warrant had been refused he did not care who knew it. In this manner the fact that a requisition had been made for Coppoc became known in this place. The insinuation that I had anything to do, directly or indirectly, with sending information to Coppoc, that a requisition had been made for him, is simply and unqualifiedly untrue; nor have I any means of knowing whether such information was sent by others, or if so, by whom sent, other than common rumor. Permit me to say in conclusion, that one of the most important duties of the official position I hold is to see that no citizen of Iowa is carried beyond her border and subjected to the ignominy of imprisonment, and the perils of trial for crimes in another state, otherwise than by due process of law. That duty I shall perform. . . .

SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD.

These ringing words of the fearless old War Governor stand out in bold contrast to the cringing attitude of Governor Packer of Pennsylvania, who hastened to send two of Coppoc's companions (Cook and Hazlett), back to the Virginia

gallows, without even an investigation of the legality of the papers.

Governor Letcher was in a great rage when the Iowa Governor's refusal reached him, but he understood that nothing short of a rigid compliance with all requirements of law would enable him to wrest another victim for execution from Iowa. He had the grand jury summoned, and procured Coppoc's indictment. Here is one of the counts in the famous document:

Thirteenth Judicial Circuit of Virginia, Jefferson County.

The jurors of the Commonwealth of Virginia, in and for the body of the County of Jefferson, duly empaneled and attending upon said court, upon their oaths present, that Barclay Coppoc, being a free person, on the sixteenth and seventeenth days of October, in the year 1859, and on divers other days before and after that time, in the County of Jefferson and Commonwealth of Virginia aforesaid, and within the jurisdiction of this court, not having the fear of God before his eyes, but being moved and seduced by the instigations of the devil, did maliciously, wilfully and feloniously conspire with certain John Brown, Edwin Coppoc, John E. Cook, Shields Green, John Copeland, Aaron D. Stevens and other persons to the jurors unknown, to induce certain slaves of said County and Commonwealth aforesaid, to-wit,—slaves called Henry, Levi, Ben, Jerry, Phil, George and Bill, the slaves of John H. Allstadt,—and each of said slaves respectively to rebel and make insurrection against their said masters, and against the authority of the constitution and laws of the Commonwealth of Virginia, to the evil example of all others in like case offending, and against the form of the statute in that case provided, and against the peace and dignity of the Commonwealth of Virginia.

Endorsed—"A True Bill," February 3, 1860.

J. A. LEWIS,  
*Foreman.\**

It was the 10th day of February before Governor Letcher's legal requisition reached Des Moines. Then Governor Kirkwood was compelled to issue his warrant for the arrest—but Coppoc was not to be found. His friends got news of the new requisition promptly. That night with his staunch friend, Thaddeus Max-

\*The original papers in this case, with a copy of Virginia's indictment of Barclay Coppoc, can be seen in the Historical Department of Iowa.

son, Barclay was conveyed in a sleigh to Mechanicsville, accompanied by a well armed guard. Coppoc and Maxson took the night train on the Northwestern road for Chicago, where they stayed several days with a trusted family of colored friends. They went on to Canada and remained until the Virginia officer left for his home. Learning that his late companions, Owen Brown and F. J. Merriam, were staying in Ashtabula County, Ohio, Barclay and his friend Maxson joined them, and the little party stayed several weeks at the town of Dorset. They were always well armed and ready to defend themselves day or night.

The young man who so narrowly escaped death the second time, was not to be intimidated by dangers. Barclay Coppoc never ceased his war upon slavery. Early in the summer of 1860 he went to Kansas and aided some Missouri slaves to freedom. When the civil war began, he hastened to join the Union army, and was commissioned a Lieutenant in the Fourth Kansas Volunteers, commanded by the gallant Colonel Montgomery of Kansas war fame. Lieutenant Coppoc was sent to his old home in Iowa to secure recruits who wanted to serve under him. On his return with them he met his death on the 30th day of August, 1861, from the burning of a railroad bridge by Missouri guerrillas precipitating the train he was on eighty feet into the Platte river. A large number were killed and wounded. Lieutenant Coppoc's body was taken to Leavenworth, and buried in Pilot Knob cemetery. On a fine soldiers' monument erected at Tipton, near his old home by the patriotic people of Cedar County, to the memory of its citizen soldiers who gave their lives for their country in the Rebellion, is inscribed the name of Barclay Coppoc.

The Maxson house near Springdale is still standing. Carefully preserved on the wall are the names of John Brown's men who spent the winter of 1858 there drilling for the Harper's Ferry campaign.

A few days before they left in the spring each one placed his signature in pencil on

the wall of the room most used by them. They were Owen Brown, John E. Cook, Aaron D. Stevens, John H. Kagi, Richard Realf, Charles P. Tidd, William H. Leeman, Charles W. Moffat, Luke F. Parsons, Richard Richardson and George B. Gill.

Parsons, Realf, Moffat, Richardson and Gill failed to report at the Kennedy farm before the attack, and were not in the battle.

Of the men who were most conspicuous on the other side of John Brown's war, Lee, Stuart, Floyd and Wise attained high rank in the war which followed for the perpetuation of human slavery, while Mason, the author of the infamous Fugi-

tive Slave law, was the Confederate Ambassador to England; Jefferson Davis, the Confederate President; Letcher, the Confederate Governor. J. Wilkes Booth, one of Virginia's militia officers who escorted John Brown and Edwin Coppoc to the gallows, closed his career by sneaking up behind the great emancipator of slaves and sending a bullet crashing through his brain. The hangman's rope and assassin's bullet were for the emancipators, not for rebels and enslavers.

Lowell may well exclaim:

" Truth forever on the scaffold,  
Wrong forever on the throne,  
Yet that scaffold sways the future.



## HOME THEMES.

### SLUMBER SONG.

Rock—rock—rock—rock—  
Hush thee! Oh my baby!  
Mother holds thee in her arms, no harm may venture near:  
Rock—rock—rock—rock—  
Bye-O-bye, my baby!  
The floor is now a river wide, a boat thy cradle here.  
Rock—rock—rock—rock—  
Hush thee! Oh my baby!  
Swift adown the silver stream and gently do we glide!  
Rock—rock—rock—rock—  
Bye-O-bye, my baby!  
We're drifting off to slumber-land beyond the ocean wide!  
Rock—rock—rock—rock—  
Hush thee! Oh my baby!  
Hark the distant silv'ry sounds that o'er the waters ring!  
Rock—rock—rock—rock—  
Bye-O-bye, my baby!  
'Tis faint, sweet music of the fays—the songs the fairies sing.  
Rock—rock—rock—rock—  
Hush thee! Oh my baby!  
Our boat has touched the silent strand, 'tis moored upon the shore.  
Rock—rock—rock—rock—  
Bye-O-bye, my baby!  
Rest thee now in slumber-land till sleeping time is o'er!  
*Anne H. Woodruff*

### BY BABY BOY.

Oh golden head! Oh sunny heart!  
Forever joyous be thy part  
In this fair world; and may no care  
Cut short thy youth, and may no snare  
Entrap thy feet! I pray Thee, God,  
For smoother paths than I have trod.  
If sure the world would e'er be kind  
I could go hence, nor leave behind  
One anxious thought. I have no fear  
Thy mother's name will grow less dear.  
'Twill soon be thine—as now my part—  
To long for her with all thy heart.  
*J. B. W., Jr.*

### EACH DAY.

Each day some transient troubles rise  
To mar the passing of the hours;  
Each day some bright young heart-hope dies,  
As fades the fragrance of the flowers.  
Each day some pleasure marks the way  
That leads me to the scented eve;  
Some new-born promise lights the gray  
And clinging mists of sordid Grieve.  
Each day my God in tender care  
Bends His grand aims to fit my needs,  
Hears each unspoken thought and prayer  
And fills my life with loving deeds.

*R. L. Masiker.*

### OUR DAUGHTER.

Ah, we will not forget it soon,  
That still and balmy night in June,  
When 'neath your thrilling bosom, wife,  
Our daughter lay, loved into life.

Love shimmered in her upturned eye  
The while she drained your fountains dry.  
She came to show the measure of  
The possibilities of love.

How we had for her coming longed!  
How through us new emotions thronged!  
How planned we for her, you and I!  
We could not know that she would die.

How like all beauteous things she grew—  
Like blossoms fed by sun and dew,  
Like blossoms promising sweet fruit—  
And deep in our joined hearts struck root!

That promise failed us; in a night  
She paled and withered in our sight.  
Say not "God took her!"; rather say  
"She looked on life—and turned away."

We fortified the one dear spot  
Which held one own; had we forgot  
That nowhere is one child secure  
While pestilence mows down the poor?  
*Miles Menander Dawson.*

## Women's Club Department.

By HARRIET C. TOWNER.\*

**A**MONG the many excellent year-books sent out by women's clubs, some, both in matter and appearance, are above criticism. In others a tendency is noted which a larger experience will doubtless change. A too ambitious course is often outlined, covering too much ground. To crowd into one short season all that belongs to a subject is manifestly impossible. To bring within that short season three or four subjects, with subsidiary topics on each program, is apt to make the work cursory and superficial. Some clubs announce courses which read almost like a college curriculum. But the club woman is not a college student, able to spend many hours each day in systematic study; she must in most cases make it one of many duties instead of her principal duty. To put before the membership of a club tasks which require almost unlimited leisure is discouraging. The happy medium, wherein interest can be stimulated and maintained, wherein attainment is made easily possible, wherein accomplishment encourages renewed effort, is the ideal course.

Five new clubs have recently been added to the Iowa Federation, making the present number 150. The new clubs are: West End Fortnightly, Muscatine; Wednesday Club, Perry; Union Chautauqua, Coon Rapids; Magazine Club, Cedar Rapids; Chautauqua Circle, Independence.

One of the largest and most progressive clubs in Southwestern Iowa is the Red Oak Monday Club, which has now a membership of eighty. In the year and a half since its organization this club has become a potent factor in the intellectual and social life of Red Oak, and is doing good and effective work in many directions. The regular departments of the club are: Art, music, history, literature, social, and village improvement. Each

department, except the social and village improvement departments, pursues an independent course of study, but brings its best thought to the planning of the three general meetings of the club for which it is each year responsible. At the last meeting, in charge of the literature department, which is studying the drama, a very interesting program was arranged for the pleasure of the club. An especially fine paper was presented on the women of Shakespeare, followed by a bright farce written by the students of Radcliffe College, in which four of Shakespeare's well-known female characters are transported into the Nineteenth Century and indulge in an amusing retrospect. The art department is occupied this year with the study of American artists; the history department is enjoying a course in English history, and the music department is devoting itself to the study of famous composers. An important feature of the club is the village improvement department. Reference was made last summer to the town clock purchased and presented to the city by this department; this year it is planning to begin work as soon as possible on the park given to the city several years ago but hitherto unimproved. The ladies are planning many things to enhance its attractiveness, including graveled walks, fountains, rustic seats and additional trees.

The five study clubs of Corning, Iowa, are united in a town federation, which has a library board and village improvement board, consisting of representatives from each of the clubs. All members of the clubs, however, stand ready to assist in making as effective as possible the plans of these committees, both of which have been hard at work this winter. The library board has been endeavoring to secure funds for additional books, and the village improvement board has undertaken the erection of a tower in one of the parks. It has also in contemplation many plans for cleaning and beautifying the town the coming summer.

The Brooklyn Columbian Club finds it convenient to begin its year in January rather than September. The club has planned a miscellaneous program for this year. Among the subjects for papers

\* Communications intended for THE MIDLAND'S Club Department should be addressed to Mrs. Harriet C. Towner direct; her address is Corning, Iowa.

are, "Woman's Work and Wages," "American Literary Women," "Proportional Living," "Inventive Genius of Americans," "Successful Business Women," "Co-educational Institutions." The study of the life of an author, with illustrative selections from his writings, is a feature of each meeting. In January the club enjoyed a "Burns Memorial" meeting, and in February one devoted to the life and character of Abraham Lincoln.

The year-book of Sorosis, also of Brooklyn, has been received. The club outlines no regular course, but two papers are presented and discussed at each meeting. Among the subjects chosen are several which relate to household economics, for a scientific view of which our clubs are more and more realizing the necessity. Quotations and current events are regular and valuable features of the meetings of the club, and many interesting subjects are considered.

The Manchester Tourist Club began three years ago a course of study having Egypt for its starting point. Last year Arabia, Chaldea, Assyria, Phœnicia and her colonies were studied. This year Judea, Persia, Asia Minor and the heroic age of Greece will occupy the club. Written articles on important divisions of the subject are read and discussed, and a conversation, led by the members in turn, upon a given subject pertaining to the country under discussion, is a helpful feature of each meeting. The fines and dues are used for purchasing books for a club library.

A number of especially interesting programs have been enjoyed by the Marshalltown Woman's Club this winter. In December, under the auspices of the art department, a valuable lecture was given by Rev. M. C. Lenihan, on the "Holy Land," illustrated with the stereopticon, the pictures being carefully chosen and very satisfactorily reproduced. Club members were privileged to invite a limited number of guests to share with them the pleasure and profit of the lecture. An interesting and original program was also presented by the travel department, in January, the subject being, "Views of Places We Have Visited." Excellent stereopticon pictures were procured from Chicago for illustration. There were thirty of these, divided into five groups, each group being in charge of a member of the department, several of whom last summer visited the places described. England and Scotland were the countries represented. This program is a practical

suggestion to tourist clubs, the stereopticon slides not being difficult to obtain. A very successful lecture course is being managed by the ladies of the Library Association of Marshalltown. The course has aroused much interest, and lectures have been already given by Dr. Hillis, of Chicago; by F. Hopkinson Smith, artist, author and traveler; and by W. M. R. French, director of the Chicago Art Institute.

The Cedar Rapids Women's Club recently enjoyed a most interesting and entertaining program in charge of the French history department. The platform was tastefully arranged to represent a French salon, with the tricolor of France as a background. The program was appropriately introduced by one of Massenet's songs, after which the chairman of the department introduced prominent characters in early French history, who were impersonated by members of the department. As each character was announced she came forward dressed in the costume of her time, and related the principal events of her life. The characters represented were: Ste. Radegunde, one of the earliest queens of France; Emma, the daughter of Charlemagne; Heloise, who told the story of her love for Abelard; Blanche of Castille, the first queen regent of France; Madeleine de Scudéry and Julie D'Angennes, eldest daughter of Madame de Rambouillet. The program was fittingly closed by the singing of the Marseillaise.

The Dubuque Ladies' Literary Association holds quarterly meetings of the entire membership of the Association, including general and working members, when the general report of the Association for the quarter is made, and reports are submitted by the various officers. The secretary of each of the ten classes gives also a résumé of the work undertaken by each division. The January quarterly was of especial interest, the Association being favored at that time with a delightful talk by Mrs. N. W. Kimball concerning her recent trip abroad. Mrs. Kimball's descriptions of the countries visited were pleasing word pictures, and her talk of the art treasures in some of the famous European galleries was very much appreciated.

The art and literature department of the Women's Club of Denver, Colorado, is greatly interested in the development of a love for art in the children of the



public schools. This department solicits from members and their friends, pictures by recognized artists, which are placed in the public schools, remaining a given time in each room. They are carefully explained by the teacher and the children encouraged to ask questions freely. No pictures are accepted without artistic merit and much is being done in this manner to develop in the child a knowledge and appreciation of the beautiful in art. This is work that might be undertaken by many clubs. In almost any community some works of real merit can be obtained, or photographic reproductions secured, which could be placed in the school-rooms and explained either by the teacher or by representatives sent by the club.

The year-book of the Minnesota Federation has been received, and a glance through its pages shows something of the scope of club work in Minnesota. It contains besides the list of officers, standing committees—of which there are ten—and constitution and by-laws, a brief résumé of the work recommended to local clubs by the Federation, and a directory of the clubs, giving name and address of President and Secretary, number of members and course of study; the summary showing the number of federated clubs to be sixty, with a total membership of 2,182. The work recommended by the executive board is in five divisions:

1. The establishment of town and country clubs, to provide rest rooms for country women while in town, and to promote intercourse between the women of the town and country.
2. The fostering of public libraries and efforts to secure traveling libraries for the State.
3. Town and village improvement work to increase beauty and cleanliness.
4. Coöperation with the public schools to secure the best sanitary and intellectual conditions, and especially to secure moral instruction in the schools.
5. Fostering the Minnesota Art Interchange to provide clubs with photographs, stereopticon slides, and books for the study of art.

A more admirable and comprehensive outline of work it would be difficult to suggest.

The first annual meeting of the Missouri State Federation was held at Kansas City, January 19th, 20th, 21st. It was both a pleasant and successful meeting. The members of the twenty-one federated clubs of the city welcomed their

guests with cordial hospitality, winning all hearts by their graciousness and untiring efforts for the success of the meeting. The sessions were all interesting, the programs being well arranged and the participants especially qualified to make the subjects assigned interesting and helpful. The meeting was stimulating, and no doubt will be fruitful in results. Its leading features will be discussed in a separate article on the Missouri Federation next month. The musical and social features were well planned and very much appreciated. Dainty and appetizing lunches were served each day by the Kansas City clubs to the delegates and visitors in attendance, in the dining rooms of the Lyceum building, where the meeting was held.

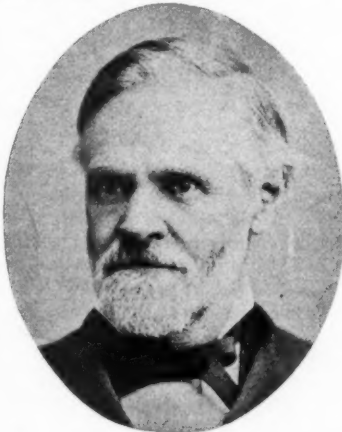
The year-book of the Woman's Club of Plattsmouth, Nebraska, is a very complete little booklet, and, beside the constitution and by-laws contains the outlines of a most interesting program. The work of the club is divided into four departments: Art, Current Literature, English Literature and Household Economics. Each department furnishes the program once a month for the general meetings of the club. The programs are very carefully arranged, and the work is taken up in a thorough, systematic manner. The programs in charge of the Art department consist of a study of the Italian old masters and their work in its relation to the development of art. The work in charge of the Current Literature department cannot fail to be especially valuable and interesting, the authors of the best current literature, with a critical analysis of their works, being the subject for study. Each member of the club is expected, also, to carefully read two or three assigned books during the month. The department of Household Economics has prepared a very practical and suggestive course, which includes much that relates to the comfort and happiness of the home. The course in English Literature is also well planned, including the literature of the Elizabethan Age, that of the Commonwealth and Restoration, and of the Eighteenth Century. The club is honored by having as its President Mrs. Belle M. Stoutenborough, the efficient President of the Nebraska State Federation.

The club spirit is extending to Wyoming, a woman's club having recently been organized at Sheridan. It is hoped this will stimulate the women of other towns to organize, leading eventually to State federation.



## EDITORIAL COMMENT.

THE growing influence and power of the Middle-West is constantly in evidence in literature, in educational matters, in trade and commerce and in politics. Early in the last presidential campaign it became apparent that the Middle-West was the pivot upon which the election would turn. In either event it was inevitable that this section would be signally honored by the President-elect in the selection of his cabinet officers. Nor has the general expectation been disappointed. Already—at this writing—four places have been accorded the Middle-West in President elect McKinley's cabinet. But in no respect are these appointments merely sectional. While Messrs. Sherman, Alger, Gage and Wilson are, in all respects, representative men of their section, they are equally national in all respects and, by reason of long and varied experience and tested aptitude, are eminently fitted for the duties and responsibilities which they are about to assume.



FROM the first it was assumed that John Sherman would be invited into President McKinley's cabinet; but the general assumption was that he would be

tendered the Treasury portfolio, his former services as Secretary of the Treasury and his long familiarity with national finances inclining the public to suppose that his ambition would be to take up the important unfinished work of the Treasury Department. It was, therefore, a surprise when the announcement came that he had been invited to another place in the President's political family, one which is sometimes, without warrant, styled the premiership. But Senator Sherman has been no indifferent watcher of the affairs of nations, and he will enter upon his new career, at the age of 74, with every faculty trained by long experience and close observation, and with a statesman's breadth of vision, which must render him a worthy successor of the great Americans who in times past have honored the nation, by accepting the position now tendered him.

Though a self-made man, it cannot be said of him that he worships his own creator—as was once remarked of Andrew Johnson. A young congressman once went to Senator Sherman for counsel on the financial question. Sitting on the Senator's porch, smoking an after-dinner cigar, the young man frankly told the elder his perplexities—his inability thus far to "strike bottom on the financial question." Senator Sherman smiled and said, "You're not alone. When I began to study this financial question it seemed as easy as A, B, C; but since that time of supreme self-satisfaction I've never felt quite sure but that some factor in the complicated problem was escaping me. I have never yet seen any financial legislation work out just as I thought it would. Some factor, wholly unforeseen, is sure to enter into the problem and upset my calculations. The best any of us can do is to study the question closely and vote conscientiously, according to our knowledge at the time." A lesson in practical statesmanship which the young congressman

has never forgotten. A man who approaches the more clearly defined duties of the Secretaryship of State in such a frame of mind, having the other qualifications, cannot widely err.

\* \* \*

THE selection of Gen. Russell A. Alger for the War Secretaryship was a personal tribute of regard for a friend, and a brother soldier's tribute of respect to a brave soldier who has been much maligned. Only recently the *New York Times*, that had published statements derogatory to General Alger's honor as a soldier and character as a man frankly acknowledged that its statements had



been based upon misinformation and that a grave wrong had been done a worthy man and a good soldier. General Alger is one of the few rich men who are masters, not slaves, of their wealth. He enjoys a liberal interpretation of his stewardship. He is a cheerful but not a reckless giver. The same careful methods which made him rich characterize his generous charities. He is not a great man intellectually, but he is a man of clear brain and true heart and strong will. As Governor of Michigan and as Commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, he evinced the same large executive ability he had shown in business, and, with his intimate knowl-

edge of war, no one can doubt his fitness for any emergency which may arise during his administration of the War Department.

\* \* \*

THE selection of Lyman J. Gage for the Treasury portfolio was a genuine, and to most well-wishers of the new administration a happy, surprise. When it is remembered that Major McKinley is a party man, and in full fellowship with party politicians,—in the best sense of that much abused term,—and under many and weighty obligations to the great party leaders in the great States that threw their electoral vote for him, we must conclude that nothing but a belief in the supreme fitness of this practical man of affairs for the trying position to which he has been called, coupled with solicitude for the financial future of the country, could have tempted him to go outside the range of his political associates, outside the circle of credited cabinet possibilities, and select a man who was known to have voted the Democratic ticket in '84, and was suspected of having entertained the political heresy that the McKinley tariff law of 1888 was not altogether an inspired document! But aside from a few hidebound politicians on the one side, and on the other a few doctrinaires, who believe that all bankers are robbers, and that bankruptcy is the one only certificate of honesty, the selection of this trained financier, who enjoys more of public confidence than any other citizen of the Middle-Western metropolis, was a real gratification, an earnest of the purpose of the incoming administration to practically address itself to the business necessities of the time.

A few years ago when Lyman J. Gage was dangerously ill and men despaired of his recovery, the press of Chicago and of the whole Middle-West spoke of his then probable death as an irreparable loss. When the World's Fair bill, with the question of Chicago's ability to meet the government's and the country's expectation, was under consideration in Congress, every eye was turned to Mr.

Gage—not because of any great wealth that he possessed, for there were—and are to-day—scores of men in Chicago who are richer than he, but because of all Chicago's prominent citizens he was richest in the respect and confidence of his fellow-men. When he and three other capitalists pledged ten million dollars for Chicago, there was no further question as to that city's ability and purpose to satisfy the expectation of the country. As President of the local board of World's Fair Directors he well earned the large salary voted him; but this he declined, satisfied to have contributed liberally of his time, as of his money and



influence, to the success of that great undertaking. Mr. Gage's business qualifications for the position are well summed up in the remark of ex-Governor Cornell, of New York. Mr. Cornell said he was glad the country was to have a Secretary of the Treasury who will have "learned his trade" before entering upon the duties of his office.

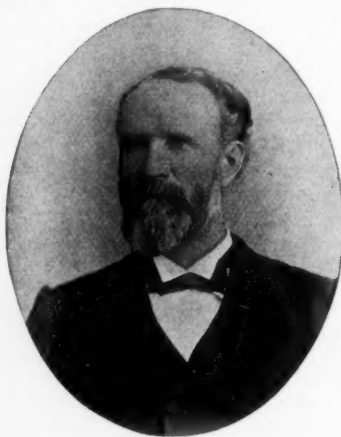
Look at the career of this man and be convinced anew that, after all, character, industry and grasp of affairs command success where inherited wealth without these qualities signally fails. Born sixty years ago in the little town of De Ruyter, New York; only four years at school, graduating at fourteen without a diploma; first

a post-office clerk; then a route agent; then a bank clerk—at \$100 a year; then a book-keeper for a Chicago lumber firm—assisting in the loading and unloading of lumber; then during a period of financial stringency temporarily accepting the post of night-watchman; then reinstated as book-keeper; then book-keeper for a Chicago bank; then assistant cashier of the bank; then its cashier; and finally, after years of hard work and unswerving faithfulness, the honored President of the First National Bank of Chicago. Without wealth or influential friends at the outset, this man of the people rose step by step until now he stands foremost in the great city of the interior, esteemed and beloved not less by the workingmen of the city, who have proved his friendship again and again, than by the business men who have come to know him as a synonym for integrity and sagacity. It is gratifying indeed when such men are called to places of responsibility in a new administration.

\* \* \*

THE last in the list is James Wilson, of Iowa, who, without solicitation on his part, or first suggestion on the part of his friends, was invited to the portfolio of Agriculture. The President-elect, looking the country over, recalling one by one the prominent men of his large acquaintance fitted for the duties of this new cabinet position, came back every time to Mr. Wilson, whom he had known in Congress as a man of large information on a wide variety of subjects, preëminently practical in his views on agriculture and kindred matters, and possessed of an inexhaustible fund of common sense and a happy compound of shrewdness and force in his application of common sense to statesmanship. Without waiting to fill the new cabinet position with some statesman on his hands whom he couldn't place anywhere else, Major McKinley early invited Mr. Wilson to this place, thus not only highly honoring the man of his choice, but also dignifying the Secretaryship of Agriculture. The selection is eminently fit. As

the Adams County *Union* well puts it, "Iowa has grown a cabinet officer." Though a Scot by birth, he early began to plow deep in the rich soil of Iowa. In knowledge of the soil, of crops and dairy products, of stock in the field and on the market, of the relations of agriculture to trade, commerce, transportation and the nation's finances, few men are his equals. Much will be expected of Secretary Wilson, both by the President and by the people. Iowans who know the wide range of his practical experience—on the farm, in the State Legislature, in Congress, as railroad commissioner and as professor of agriculture—have no



question but that he will fill any reasonable measure of expectation, and will do much to further the development of the new Department of Agriculture from a seed distributing station into the place of high honor to which the great interest it represents entitles it.

\* \* \*

THE selection of men for cabinet positions from outside the ranks of applicants for place is a bit of the ideal in politics. What would the honor of an appointment to the Secretaryship of Agriculture have amounted to had Mr. Wilson early started out after the place; had he come to the State Capital and importuned legis-

lators and executive officers; then gone to Washington and importuned his delegation in Congress to recommend him for the position; then gone to the President-elect and asked to be invited into his official family! May the time speedily come when this bit of ideal politics shall be the prevalent custom! We idiotically say yes to men who button-hole us for our "influence" in their behalf in the selection of delegates to city, county, judicial, congressional and State conventions, without insisting on even the minimum of fitness for the positions of trust and presumable honor to which they aspire! Why should not "we, the people," make as free and careful selection of our public servants as a President-elect is expected to make of his political advisers? Why should not importunate self-seeking kill a man's chances for nomination to any position of honor and trust?

\* \* \*

THE presence of the venerable Susan B. Anthony in the National Convention of Woman Suffragists in Des Moines a few weeks ago calls to mind the indictment of Miss Anthony for illegal voting in Rochester, N. Y., in '73, and so brings to light several letters about that time addressed to the writer, then publishing a weekly paper in Brockport, near Rochester. In a letter from Rochester, dated March 19, 1873, referring to her proposed address in Brockport, she says: "I shall try to prove to the good people that myself and the five other women who voted committed *no* crime—but only discharged our duty." Referring to her strong canvass of Monroe county, in the interest of Woman's Suffrage, in one place she speaks of "fine audiences at Pittsford last night and Bushnell's Basin the night previous." She adds this postscript: "Notwithstanding the horrible roads this week, all my lectures have been well attended."

\* \* \*

THAT "noblest Roman of them all" was then, as she is yet, and doubtless will be till death parts her from the organization to which she has given her heart's

blood, the honored President of the National Woman Suffrage Association. Glancing down the names of the vice-presidents, the advisory board and the executive committee in 1873, one is struck with the solitariness of the President now. There is scarcely a single prominent name in those long lists which at the present time stands for active work for the cause. Death has removed one after another of Miss Anthony's early co-workers,—Lucretia Mott, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Isabella Beecher Hooker, Phœbe W. Couzens, Annie C. Savery and others. But the work has gone on. Round about her, and ever close to her, with a tender



solicitude, such as the young whose hearts are right are wont to feel for those who are under the weight of years, are these younger apostles of womanhood suffrage, Annie Howard Shaw, Rachel Foster Avery, Charlotte Perkins Stetson, Carrie Lane Chapman-Catt, Clara B. Colby, Mary C. C. Bradford, Anna Stone Blackwell and others, ready and eager to carry on the work of those who have fallen out of the ranks. Among those who saw their well directed zeal and earnestness and heard their eloquent words, there is no fear that the cause will lack assistance. In view of their recent victories in the mountain States, their partial successes in other portions of the Union,

and their victory-bringing failures in still others, who can seriously question the ultimate success of their cause!

#### GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Current literature has awarded to Mrs. M. R. Silsby, of Seneca Falls, N. Y., a prize of ten dollars for the best compilation of "Maxims from Goethe." Reading over the prize maxims, one not familiar with Goethe would find himself wondering wherein the greatness of the great German consists, so many of the quotations being mere platitudes, a part of the every day "speech of people." Take a few examples: "One must be something in order to do something"; "Love renders impossibilities themselves possible"; "We always hope, and still in every case, 'tis better far to hope than to despair"; "Love is capable of much, but duty of more"; "To repair is more easy than to destroy"; "Sowing is not so difficult as reaping"; "The heart alone makes our happiness," etc.

The commonplace character of these quotations raised the question: Can we measure authors by the relative number and quality of quotable passages to be found in their works? It is the habit of many readers, the young especially, to mark in the books they read the passages which most appeal to them—and the habit is a good one. But the reader should not become a mere passage-hunter—much less a mere maxim-hunter.

A student once remarked: "I don't find much in Scott's novels, much that is quotable, I mean." He had wholly missed the delightful aroma of Scott's tales which, once enjoyed, lasts for a lifetime; he was simply on the lookout for something from Scott's workshop that he could appropriate and afterward utilize.

Another student years ago laboriously copied many marked passages in Dickens' works. The labor was not lost. It gave his memory something good to work on then, and serves now to point his moral. Every one of the quotable passages referred to might be dropped from Dickens' novels without weakening them as works of art. In fact, were the blue pencil to go through not only these passages, but also much of the long-drawn-out description and analysis, the great works of Dickens would to-day find more and better readers than they do. The true story-teller lets his characters reveal themselves—just as characters reveal themselves in actual life. He lets his characters suggest the moral of the story, if it have one, and lets the readers do their moralizing "aside," satisfying himself with simply giving the cue. For



instance, it was quite enough to have shown the pluck and perseverance of Nicholas Nickleby and thus to have given the young reader a suggestion of a sermon; but Dickens was not quite emancipated from the old school of moralists and so he added: "The hill has not yet lifted its face to heaven that perseverance will not gain the summit of at last."

A great author is infinitely greater than he measures in the quotable passages that one finds in scrap books and birthday books which take his name in vain. The real lover of Tennyson, for example, thinks of "The Idyls of the King," of "Maud," of "Locksley Hall," as a whole and is jealous of his poet's completed work when some passage-hunter exhibits a mere raveling from the web of the poet's fancy. If passage-hunting leads the mind on from the surface thought of a poem to the soul of the poet, then it is profitable indeed. If it end where it begins, with the quotation; if the motive behind the search be simply to find quotable sayings for future use, even then it pays a small dividend on the investment of time and patience.

Doctor Mathewson, the Chicago vegetarian, quarrels with his associates because they are "not aggressive enough." But Mr. G. Marpole Willis, also of Chicago, in a recent paper on "Vegetarianism from an occult standpoint," taboos certain of the vegetable foods as "not conducive to spiritual development"—too animal-like in their effects on the system! The first named gentleman is evidently living too high.

Mr. John S. Sargent's election as a member of the Royal Academy, over a talented Englishman, Mr. Leader, is gratifying to Mr. Sargent's countrymen. Among the many younger artists of America who are compelling the respect of the art world, Mr. Sargent is clearly in the lead.

"The Valley Beautiful" is the title of the prize descriptive paper in the January 1st competition. It is by an author new to MIDLAND readers, Mr. H. A. Crafts, of Fort Collins, Colorado. The prize paper will appear in the April number of this magazine.

J. T. Headley, the historian, or perhaps more correctly speaking, the word-painter, who chose historical subjects chiefly, died recently in Newburgh, New York, in his eighty-fourth year. To many of us, when we were young, Joel T. Headley was the great historian, as a little earlier

Oliver Optic was the greatest of descriptive writers. Perhaps the degree of thrill with which we read Headley's description of Napoleon's battle against the Turks, on Mount Tabor, will never again be repeated in all our future reading. We can still see that picture of Christ's transfiguration and of Napoleon's marshaling of his hosts on that sacred mountain, and feelingly recall that exclamation, "Jordan and Mount Tabor, what spots for battle-fields!"

The author of a paper on Japanese farming in this number, Rev. H. H. Guy, is a young man of splendid attainments. He graduated from Drake University with the honors of his class, being especially adept in the mastery of languages. Having completed his collegiate and theological courses, he entered the ministry in which, from the very first, his peculiar abilities won him success. He was early drawn towards the foreign missionary field. He received an appointment to Tokio, Japan, in 1883, by the Foreign Christian Missionary Society. In October of that year, accompanied by his wife, he sailed for the Empire of the Mikado, where he has since prosecuted his work with signal success. He is sustained in his work by the Central Church of Christ, of Des Moines, in which he had membership during his collegiate career. We may hear from him again.

Henry Russell Wray, editor of the *Colorado Springs Gazette*, is author of "Fancies Framed in Florentine," issued by the Continental Publishing Company, of New York.

#### AMONG THE MAGAZINES.

"The Realist has already outstayed his time . . . He has had his day." Thus saith Hamilton W. Mabie in the February *Current Literature*. The old-time agricultural editor, when other themes were not pressing, fell back upon the question of deep versus shallow plowing, and delivered himself once more in his oracular way, predicting the early disappearance of the old methods, or the new as the case might be. So with our magazine noters of tendencies. Now, it is the Idealist who has had his day and is invited to stand not upon the order of his going. Now the Realist is informed that he has outstayed his welcome. But in literature, as in life, we go right on welcoming the man who has a story to tell, whether it be a dream that lifts us above the commonplaces of our daily life, or a true tale that gives us deeper insight into the real life surging round about us.



Who is Mr. John J. Chapman that the world should have waited sixty years for him to present the true Emerson, faults and all? His "Emerson Sixty Years After," in the February and March *Atlantic*, is especially profitable reading for many who have unquestioningly accepted the pedestaled Emerson of the last generation and have blindly fallen down and worshiped him. Let no one imagine that Mr. Chapman is one of the smart set who self-complacently profess and call themselves Philistines. To him the true word of dispraise that needs to be spoken is evidently a hard word, but one that he does not forbear to use whenever a conscientious study of his subject calls for plain-spokenness. But to him, as to the rest of us who have all our lives felt the uplift of Emerson's "oversoul," the Sage of Concord—with all his failings fully measured—is the largest-souled man this country has produced.

"To Cure Fatigue" is the title of a well written half-column article in the *Inter-State Cycler*; but a better recipe for fatigue than any there given is—rest.

Stephen Crane, in the February *Century*, gives another picture of the wild-western type, "A Man and Some Others." "Bill" is one of the wildest of the wild. He can't think without profanity, and regards himself fully commissioned to kill any man who crosses his path. He dies game—of course. They all do in fiction. The young impressionist has drawn a strong picture.

*Current Thought* is the latest born of this year of grace. It is mothered by the Continental Publishing Company of New York

#### TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

I enclose an original poem entitled "\_\_\_\_\_ as a contribution to the \_\_\_\_\_ number of THE MIDLAND. You are at liberty to use it if it is available. If it is not, please inform me in what vein one would be more acceptable, and I may be able to send one that will be available.

As the \_\_\_\_\_ MIDLAND contained a poem from this city, it might be desirable to you to represent some other section at this time. If so, my address might be printed \_\_\_\_\_ instead of \_\_\_\_\_ as \_\_\_\_\_ is my home when not in school here.

1. Unless there be some special adaptability to one particular month (as for instance, a poem on November, an Easter poem, etc.), it is best not to mention any particular month in submitting a manuscript, as you thereby naturally lessen the possibilities of its acceptance. 2. You make a mistake in supposing that the availability of a poem depends chiefly upon the vein in which it is writ-

ten. In a hundred poems written in the same vein only one may prove available. Were all the ninety-nine to try some one other vein, about the same percentage of non-availables would probably be found. The fact is that not one in a hundred writers of verse are poets. Perhaps half that number haven't even mastered the rudiments of verse-making. Perhaps twenty per cent of the other half have poetry in their souls, but lack the power of expression. Another twenty per cent may have the musical ear and the self-critical touch, but lack the soul quality essential to poetry. The remaining tenth have the soul quality and the power of expression, but in varying quantity. Now and then some sudden cloud-burst of emotion lifts the poet's stranded bark over the sand-bars and the onflow is glorious. Sometimes there comes a steady rainfall of sentiment and then follows a season of marvelous movement of mind and soul, the stream of thought and sentiment carrying many-sized and variously weighted crafts far out to sea.

Every once or twice in a while some one writes a letter, indignantly condemning the editor because he has allowed something to appear in the magazine which runs counter to his or her own preconceived notion of what is truth. Some few even go so far as to say they don't want the magazine any longer because it admits into its columns this, that or the other social or political or doctrinal heresy. It so happened once that in the same mail which brought unmeasured rebuke from an indignant Roman Catholic, because of an article which had just appeared, came a newspaper clipping from a Roman Catholic paper of high standing, commending the broad catholicity of that same article! THE MIDLAND MONTHLY is not sectarian, nor partisan; it is not the organ of a doctrinaire, as hundreds of contributors express their own views, not necessarily those of the editor. Nearly all the magazine's readers understand this matter of editorial latitude; but there yet remain a few who don't. These recall the saying of Emerson: "The man who considers dissent from his opinion a crime worthy of infinite condemnation, and the man who perceives that contradictory doctrines may coëxist with equal uprightness, lie unnumbered degrees of difference, moral as well as intellectual."

"I enclose a story which has met with approbation from one competent judge. If it does not meet your approval, may I ask for criticism?" Thus writes another

ambitious and talented seeker after the best things in literature. Again—and again—do not ask us. During a large part of the year it is with us an unavailing struggle to keep even with the detail work of magazine making. Is that not sufficient reason why we should not volunteer general criticism by mail?

A letter entering a story thus concludes: "Trusting, if it be unsuccessful in this contest, that I may learn how it stands and the advisability of my entering a future contest." It will either win or will not win the story prize; if it should not and you think it may win next time direct that it be reentered; but don't ask us for a critical review of it and you will not be disappointed.

A lady writing from Texas, says: "My home is in Iowa; so you see I am included in your kind offer of prizes [for poetry, stories and descriptive papers]." No, we do not "see." A residence in Iowa renders one no more eligible to THE MIDLAND'S competitions than does a residence in Ohio, or Texas. Residence has nothing to do with the question. Any subscriber may enter any number of manuscripts at any time.

I realize that the standard of my story may not be high, but I am only a young workingman, and what I have written has at least been unstudied, and has come to me unsolicited. I am endeavoring to live upon a claim in this new country, and find life at best a hard battle. Could you not accept the story and so give me encouragement?

The fact that the standard of your story is not high, as you yourself realize, prevents acceptance of the MS, though it does contain good story material. No magazine is strong enough to lend itself to the encouragement of even the worthiest writers, if their work is not up to standard grade. No young author is helped by the publication of a low grade story of his writing. Your use of the word "unstudied" suggests a reliance on genius. With most successful story-writers, "genius" is little more than capacity for persistent and hard work, coupled with the play of the imagination within limits prescribed by observation and practical common-sense.

#### THE MIDLAND BOOK TABLE.

Any real contribution to the subject of "Municipal Reform in the United States"\* will be heartily welcomed. A book of 174 pages with this title comes from the pen of Mr. Thomas C. Devlin, a conscientious fact-gatherer and a fearless, independent thinker. The author freely

\*G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

quotes from Albert Shaw, Carl Schurz, Seth Low, Frank J. Goodnow and other thinkers along lines parallel with his purpose, making his little work a valuable book of reference, as well as an original contribution to the subject. All are agreed with Mr. Devlin that the methods of our municipalities are expensive, and our city governments are crude, inefficient and burdensome. All that he says of the need of civil service reform in our cities is not new, but is forcibly put. The necessarily temporizing policy, or impolicy, of our present city administration is well presented. Much valuable original investigation is shown, correcting the hasty conclusion that we could, if we only would, reproduce here in America the conditions which now exempt Glasgow from municipal taxation, and which make Paris the model city of the world. Equally valuable are this writer's conclusions that we should not, if we could, substitute old world methods in their entirety for the methods which are recognized as American. Our exceptional conditions have their elements of strength as well as weakness, and out of these we may construct a municipal system better adapted to our institutions and our national life than any that has grown out of old world experiences. This writer finds little to fear in the universal suffrage, maintaining that there is quite as much conscientiousness and public spirit among non-taxpayers as among taxpayers. Another strong point made is that true economy lies not in cutting down salaries, but in paying salaries adequate to secure the services of the best men for positions of trust. The contents of the book more than justify its publication.

A Romance of the New Virginia,\* by Martha Frye Boggs, is primarily an interesting heart story; secondarily a picture of real life in the new Virginia. If the first third of the story were up to the level of the other two-thirds, it would be much stronger as a whole. A chapter of clever conversation on the negro question is a bit of timely philosophizing, suggesting a purpose; but, in the main, the story tells itself, reflecting credit upon its author. It is the old story of love thwarted by cruel circumstance, the complications made more complicated by the scheming of the wicked lawyer. The crowning work of the story is the evolution of Margaret Steyne from a comparatively care-free and wholly fancy-free girl, into a strong, noble, loving, heart-satisfying woman.

\*The Arena Company, Boston. 50 cents.



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MENTION THE MIDLAND MONTHLY.

### PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

THEY GO INTO THE HOME, THE SCHOOL,  
THE LIBRARY — EVERYWHERE.

Few realize the extent to which THE MIDLAND'S "Twenty Questions\*" are taking hold of young people everywhere, and the extent of research it is encouraging among the young. In response to an advertiser's inquiry, we have counted the answers to our February questions and find they number 139. These 139 responses come from 170 cities and towns, as follows — several cities and towns being many times duplicated:

#### IN IOWA.

Des Moines.  
Anamosa.  
New Providence.  
Fort Dodge.  
Cedar Rapids.  
Superior.  
Spirit Lake.  
Indianola.  
Garnaville.  
Council Bluffs.  
Harlan.  
Marion.  
Mt. Vernon.  
North English.  
Highland Park.\*  
Spencer.  
Chariton.  
Winterset.  
Independence.  
Charles City.  
Carroll.  
Boone.  
Forest City.  
Turkey River.  
Iowa Center.  
Springdale.  
Sigourney.  
Burt.  
Rose Hill.  
Algona.  
Toledo.  
Gilmore City.  
Arcadia.

Fenton.  
Belmond.  
Greeley.  
Clinton.  
Garden Grove.  
Guthrie Center.  
Odebolt.  
Magnolia.  
Bristow.  
Clear Lake.  
Burlington.  
Maquoketa.  
West Liberty.  
Strahan.  
Davenport.  
Riverside.  
Woodbine.  
Woodward.  
Creston.  
Wayland.  
Sioux City.  
Vincent.  
Oskaloosa.  
Kirkville.  
Bonaparte.  
Grinnell.  
West Branch.  
Mason City.  
Colo.  
Fairview.  
Manning.  
Egira.  
Belle Plaine.

Monroe.  
Linden.  
Eldora.  
Corning.  
Newton.  
Marshalltown.

Jefferson.  
Jamaica.  
Albia.  
West Union.  
Milo.  
Dubuque.

#### OUTSIDE OF IOWA.

Newark, Ohio.  
Tacoma, Wash.  
Pasadena, Calif.  
Castile, N. Y.  
Edgerton, Ohio.  
Denver, Colo.  
Galena, Ill.  
La Salle, Ill.  
New Douglas, Ill.  
Hutchinson, Minn.  
Omaha, Neb.  
Chicago, Ill.  
Hadley, Mass.  
Prosper, Minn.  
Martin, Mich.  
McCook, Neb.

Chadron, Neb.  
Canby, Minn.  
Moravia, N. Y.  
S. Bloomfield, Ohio.  
Villa Ridge, Ill.  
St. Peter, Minn.  
University Place, Neb.  
Mendota, Ill.  
Hastings, Neb.  
Lawrence, Kan.  
Kirkville, Mo.  
Bethany, Mo.  
Rock Island, Ill.  
Moline, Ill.  
Aurora, Ill.

Many Twenty Questions came too late this month. One from Seattle, Wash., came four days late. All that are not in hand at 6 P. M. on the 15th of the month are not entered.

#### APRIL ATTRACTIONS.

Some few of THE MIDLAND'S many attractions for April are:

"The Valley Beautiful" — the prize descriptive paper in the January competition — by H. A. Crafts, of Ft. Collins, Colorado. This paper will be well illustrated, and will describe a delightful valley among the mountains of the Far West, with which the people of the East and the Middle-West are not yet familiar.

"Living Homes," by Prof. Charles Frederick Holder, author of several standard works on zoology. This popularly treated scientific article is profusely illustrated, with full-page views, from drawings by the author.

\* See the last page of our advertising form — opposite the back cover.

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*Publisher's Notes—Continued.*

The leading literary paper of the month will be "Our Latest Literature and Robert Browning," by Lewis Worthington Smith. It will be enriched by drafts upon the famous Aldrich collection of autographs, letters, pictures, etc.

Now that "The Young Homesteaders" is completed, several sketches and short stories by its author, Mr. Frank W. Calkins, will follow—one of them to appear in the April number.

"The Wraith of Joe Atley," a doctor's story, by Dr. John Madden, of Milwaukee, will be this clever writer's first ap-

"Shadows of Spotsylvania," by Malinda Cleaver Faville, will awaken many War memories.

The most beautifully pictured article in this rare number will be "On the Eastern Edge of the Andes," by James Hugh Keeley, of Rosario, Argentine Republic.

Colonel Emerson's "Grant's Life in the West" will bring the reader to the City of Mexico.

Miss Scott's "Across Country in a Van" will invade Oklahoma.

Stories, poetry, home themes, and ed-

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Winter Term Opens January 5, 1897.  
Spring Term, March 29, 1897.

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pearance in THE MIDLAND—but not his last.

The Missouri Federation of Women's Clubs will be the next of the series. It will be written by Mrs. Scammon, Missouri Chairman of Correspondence, General Federation of Women's Clubs, and will be illustrated with portraits.

A new subject in this magazine, and one of great practical value, is entitled, "A Plea for the Village Improvement Club," by Mrs. Jessie Mallory Thayer, who has given much well directed thought and hard work to the practical application of good ideas to that much needed reform.

itorial will round out a very complete number.

I admire THE MIDLAND very much, and am glad that Iowa is represented by so good a magazine.—Claribel M. Weaver, Cedar Rapids.

I wish to renew my subscription, etc. I have been a subscriber to THE MIDLAND from the beginning, and consider it a periodical of which the West may be justly proud.—Lily A. Brown, Clair, Calif.

We are heartily in sympathy with THE MIDLAND, and wish you the unbounded success you deserve.—Mrs. C. M. Bailey, Grinnell.

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## SECTIONAL, YET NATIONAL.

I enjoy the February MIDLAND greatly. It is to me the most interesting number I have yet seen.—Mrs. S. E. Howard, Greeley, Colo.

We find it one of the most interesting magazines that we are familiar with.—Geo. R. Hyde, Yantic, Ct.

It is a fine magazine, and should be largely patronized by the people of Iowa.—Rev. Dr. J. H. Carpenter, Shelby.

The publication is truly "the representative magazine of the Middle-West."—T. G. Adams, Topeka, Secretary Kansas Historical Society.

Ex-Governor Gue relates the whole story of the anonymous letter with a candor which precludes further question.—Citizen, Somerville, Mass.

I am very much pleased with THE MIDLAND.—Annie E. Hudson, Minerva (Ky.) Male and Female Academy.

We like it for its good print, excellent subjects and clean pages.—C. H. W. Payne, Welsh, La.

I have THE MIDLAND from its initial number complete, and like it better with each year.—C. C. Jencks, Kalkaska, Mich.

The John Brown article in the February number is most interesting, as all the scenes of that time are vivid in my memory. Your magazine has won its way to a great success in my estimation.—E. W. Dutcher, Stillwater, Minn.

I consider it one of the very best magazines published.—Mary Clinton, Wisner, Neb.



# Gold Medal Black Goods...

THIS is the second year that we have introduced these excellent fabrics to you, and on Monday, February 22, we commence our Annual Sale of Black Dress Goods, with the "Gold Medals" as base, keystone and capstone. The manufacturers of "Gold Medal" Dress Goods guarantee them to us; therefore we earnestly beg you to give "Gold Medal" Fabric the preference. These goods are made with only one point in view—to satisfy the consumer. "Gold Medal" Dress Goods are not meant to be cheap goods. They are not made of a cheap or inferior grade of wool—quite the contrary. Only long-fleece Australian wool is used in their manufacture. We do not exaggerate the praises of "Gold Medal" Dress Goods when we say that if you want a neat, stylish and good Black Dress get the best, as the best is the cheapest.

The prices range from 50 cents to \$1.50, and novelties up to \$3.75. They include Henriettas, Serges, Clay Diagonal and Fancies in a large range of styles.

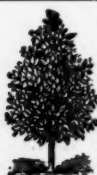
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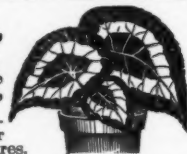


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## SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

### Cash Prizes Offered for the Next Quarterly Competition.

This magazine will be filled every month with the choicest and best literature obtainable from all sources, professional and otherwise. But in order to encourage the large and growing number of its subscribers who may, with propriety, be termed amateurs in literature,—that is, those who are not making literature a profession,—the publisher of THE MIDLAND offers special prizes to amateur writers of both prose and verse, as follows:

For the best *Original Descriptive Paper*, with accompanying Photographs or Drawings, or both, a cash prize of \$20.00 will be awarded.

For the best *Original Story* of any length a cash prize of \$20.00 will be awarded.

For the best *Original Poem*, occupying not more than a page of this magazine, a cash prize of \$10.00 will be awarded.

*This contest is open only to yearly subscribers to THE MIDLAND MONTHLY. The thirteenth quarterly competition will close April 1, 1897.*

This is not intended to interfere with the regular literary contributions to THE MIDLAND. Those who would enter the contest will please clearly state such intention on sending their MSS.

Failure in one contest is no bar to entrance in future contests. Any subscriber may enter any number of contributions. The names of the unsuccessful will be withheld from the public. A price will be offered for such contributions as are found by the editor to be available for use during the next twelve months. Mail subscription price (\$1.50) to Publisher MIDLAND MONTHLY, Des Moines, Iowa.



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### Sectional, Yet National—Continued.

I cannot pass this opportunity by without saying a word for THE MIDLAND MONTHLY. I am glad, too, that I can say it honestly and earnestly. It is clean, virile, rich with the promise of an American literature which will give to the readers of this land something which will, when digested, leave no bad taste in the mouth, indicative of mental and moral dyspepsia. Nothing of the brutal coarseness and vulgar horse-play of the British barracks, the unsightly scenes of the India jungles, with neither sense in the story nor merit in the telling of a Kipling;

the imaginary battle-fields, that make soldiers laugh who read, as depicted by Crane; but in its place that which is healthy and of home brew, fitted to make mind stronger and richer, with no after fevers to debilitate and debase.—W. V. Lawrance, Chillicothe, Ohio.

THE MIDLAND for February has some of the finest illustrations that ever appear in the magazines.—*Chronicle*, Spokane, Wash.

We enjoy your excellent, clean magazine, and wish it all manner of success.—Mrs. W. H. Weeks, Madison, Wis.

## ...A Recognition...

IOWA has a great many things to be proud of, among which is the conservatism of its people on matters political, social and financial; and, like the people of Drumtochty, they rejoice when any of their number receives recognition in the affairs of men. The fact that the Hon. G. L. Dobson, vice-president of the Des Moines Life Association of Iowa, was elected Secretary of the State of Iowa at the last election, is a matter of special rejoicing among the policy-holders and officers of that typical Iowa institution. This fact was immediately succeeded by the president of that Association, Mr. C. E. Rawson, being elected as president of the National Mutual Life Underwriters Association in their convention at Kansas City in November. The plans and business of this Association seem to have been built in a way that at once attracts the admiration and confidence of intelligent men everywhere. The Association seems to be a blending of all that is good in old-line and assessment insurance without the weakness of the latter or excessive costs of the former.

Anyone who is interested, either in obtaining insurance or an agency, would do well to write D. R. Hubbard, Supt. of Agencies, Des Moines, Iowa.

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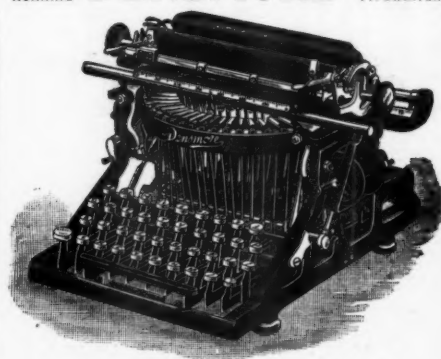
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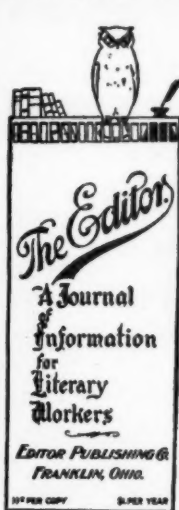
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# \*\*\* BUSINESS STATEMENT \*\*\* — OF — **THE BANKERS LIFE ASSOCIATION**

... OF DES MOINES ...

For the Year Ending December 31, 1896, Seventeenth Year.

ASSETS.		INCREASE.			INCREASE.
Mortgage Loans.....	\$ 1,293,122.00	\$ 139,769.20	Insurance in Force..	86,754,000.00	\$12,356,000.00
Bonds and Other Securities.....	204,682.55	73,185.69	Insurance Held by 9,046 Iowa Members.....	25,450,000.00	3,504,000.00
Guarantee Notes.....	611,045.09	64,884.62	Designated Depository Banks.....	3,190	247
Cash in Banks and Treas'y With Missouri Ins. Dept.	84,916.74	13,496.25	Insurance Liability for 3 Months Under Level Premium Estimate.....	\$	243,367.06
Interest Accrued.....	36,702.16	5,941.52	Death Claims Not Proven.....		56,000.00
Interest Due and Unpaid	12.33	12.33	Trust and Other Funds .....		2,567.64
Market Value of Bonds over Cost.....	6,892.97	3,000.94	Total Liabilities.....	\$	301,934.70
Conting't Assets for Mortg. and Expense Purposes, Due January, 1897.....	163,661.79	32,981.79	Surplus Assets.....		2,100,100.93
Total Assets .....	\$ 2,402,035.63	\$ 333,272.34	Expense of Management per \$1,000 of Insurance .....		2.24
Securities in State Depts.	1,497,700.90	211,851.24	Decrease .....		.66
Guarantee Fund.....	1,612,792.00	229,893.00	Death rate, 1896, 6.06, which is less than the average for the last five years.		
Surplus Fund .....	610,700.74	117,238.58	Death Losses Proven and Unpaid.....		None
Death Losses Pd. to date	2,469,116.82	466,434.05	Bonds and Mortgages Past Due and Unpaid.....		None
Guar'ntee Deposits Ret'd	50,910.00	10,036.00			
Total paid beneficiaries	\$ 2,520,026.82	\$ 476,470.05			

Attest:

J. C. BUFFINGTON, Cashier.

H. S. NOLLEN, Auditor.

EDWARD A. TEMPLE,

President.

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Children's Lies, Edgar James Swift.  
The System (showing why so many women teachers  
break down), Harriet H. Heller

**CONTENTS OF THE DECEMBER NUMBER.**

The Higher Life of the College, President John E. Bradley, LL. D.  
The New American Academy, Rev. A. D. Mayo, M. A., LL. D.  
A Child's Experience in Beginning Latin, Adelia R. Hornbrook.  
A Neglected Factor in Education, Prof. Walter Smith.  
Educational Fads and Reforms, Supt. E. L. Cowdrick.  
A Winter Waterfall, Henry M. Chadwick.  
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## QUEER WAY OF DOING BUSINESS.

WHY "THE MARCH TO THE SEA" HASN'T BEEN RECEIVED BY RECENT SUBSCRIBERS.

When the Arena Publishing Company failed, its assignee wrote THE MIDLAND'S publisher that the suspension would make no difference with the filling of orders for "The March to the Sea." This we so announced, and we continued to send in large orders for the book. A few days ago we began to get complaints that "The March to the Sea" had not been received. We wrote a note of inquiry. And now comes a letter from Mr. C. Selden Smart, business manager of the new "Arena Company," virtually repudiating the contract made by the Arena Publishing Company, and nullifying the assurance of the receiver that that contract would remain in force and that our orders would be promptly filled. Mr. Smart writes (Feb. 11):

Your favor of 6th inst. is received. The upheaval and extraordinary work incident to the transfer of the Arena Publishing Company, with

all its assets, etc., by its board of directors to a receiver appointed by the court, and from the receiver to the purchasers, has made it difficult AND IMPOSSIBLE to fill orders for books. On the 23d of January the Arena Publishing Company was bought in at public sale by a New York syndicate. The new owners have determined not to continue the book-publishing business, at least, for the present, etc.

This is the situation—one we could not possibly have foreseen. We have requested the Arena company to return the several lists of unfilled orders for "The March to the Sea," and on receiving them we will refund the ten cents to each of the subscribers named in those lists. Should the Arena Company, on receiving our protest against this repudiation of the old company's agreement, conclude to fill our orders, then, of course, we will continue to send the book as promised. Meantime, our agents and others will please consider our "March to the Sea" proposition as suspended.

ELEVENTH ANNUAL STATEMENT,

December 31, 1896,

# ROYAL UNION LIFE INSURANCE CO.

## DES MOINES, IOWA.

FRANK D. JACKSON, President.  
JNO. R. PRIME, Auditor.  
SIDNEY A. FOSTER, Secretary.  
GILBERT B. PRAY, Treasurer.  
JAMES TAGGART PRIESTLEY, M. D., Medical Director.

YEAR.	Premiums.	Interest and Other Income.	Total Income.	Death Claims Paid.	Total to Policy-holders.	Expenses, Etc.	Total Disbursements.	NEW BUSINESS.	OUTSTANDING INSURANCE.	Assets.	Reserve.	Surplus.
								No. Policies.	Amount.	No. Policies.	Amount.	
1896	\$79,184	\$10,681	\$89,865	\$7,500	\$13,970	\$50,994	\$64,965	210	\$2,323,667	1979	\$3,725,114	\$159,937
1895	64,174	8,414	72,588	6,650	12,008	94,140	46,149	482	775,800	1308	2,038,947	141,297
1894	48,007	8,586	56,593	10,000	14,507	24,314	38,821	431	718,500	1049	1,633,797	126,566
1893	39,904	5,447	45,351	—	4,169	19,276	23,475	190	463,308	827	1,324,483	101,116
1892	36,655	4,702	41,357	2,000	4,048	17,364	21,402	214	369,575	808	1,149,775	89,126
1891	32,137	3,719	35,856	—	1,301	17,027	18,328	227	329,300	719	1,002,700	61,258
1890	28,620	2,474	31,094	3,000	4,263	11,821	16,084	154	252,450	579	817,400	45,806
											50,244	4,438

This, with other Companies, has a contingent liability for \$10,000, which in justice to the policy holders it has refused to pay. If the claim is pressed it will be resisted.

### INSURANCE ACCOUNT.

Total Insurance in Force December 31, 1895	\$2,038,947
Written in 1896	\$700,167
In Iowa	666,000
Illinois	81,500
Pennsylvania	602,000
Georgia	677,000
Texas	100,000
Marked off, Matured, Surrendered, Lapsed, etc.	\$4,862,614
Total in Force December 31, 1896	\$3,725,114

Temporary Offer—of Special Interest to Ladies.

# **\$1.50 WORTH OF FLOWER SEEDS FREE!**

ANYONE sending direct to the publisher of THE MIDLAND MONTHLY the name of a new subscriber, accompanied by \$1.50, will receive, as a present from the publisher, either one of the following assortments of Flower Seeds, mailed direct from the great seedsmen of the West, C. C. May & Co., Minneapolis. This well-known company guarantee the first quality of seeds and the safe delivery of every order we send them. In sending order for subscription please indicate whether you prefer the "Pansies, Poppies and Sweet Peas," or "A Whole Flower Garden." Following are the two lists:

## **Pansies, Poppies and Sweet Peas.**

1 oz. Sweet Pea, Grace May, pure white, very fine, . . .	\$ .50
1 oz. Sweet Pea, Minnie Keepers, delicate heliotrope and Lavender, . . .	.80
1 oz. Sweet Pea, Firefly, bright scarlet, showy, . . .	.80
1 oz. Sweet Pea, Captain of the Blues, rich blue, . . .	.80
1 oz. Sweet Pea, California Giant Mixed, an assortment of colors, . . .	.80
1 pkt. Pansy, Swanley Blue, very light blue, . . .	.15
1 pkt. Pansy, Improved Snow Queen, pure white, . . .	.10
1 pkt. Pansy, Ocean Spray, blue edged white, . . .	.80
1 pkt. Poppy, Danebrog, scarlet with white spots, . . .	.05
1 pkt. Poppy, Shirley, a beautiful strain of light colors, . . .	.10
1 pkt. Poppy, Paeonia Flowered, mammoth blossoms, . . .	.10
1 pkt. Poppy, Snowdrift, large double white flowers, . . .	.10

\$1.50

## **A Whole Flower Garden.**

Asters, German Mixed, . . .	\$ .10
Pansy, German Show, . . .	.10
Nasturtium, Tall Mixed, . . .	.05
Poppies, Paeonia Mixed, . . .	.05
Gaillardia, Mixed, . . .	.05
Godetias, Giant Mixed, . . .	.10
Mignonette, Sweet, . . .	.05
Petunia, Imperial Mixed, . . .	.10
Zinnias, Giant Mixed, . . .	.10
Sweet Peas, California Mixed, . . .	.10
Four O'clocks, . . .	.05
Pinks, Double China, . . .	.05
Morning Glories, . . .	.05
Wild Flower Garden, a collection of different varieties, . . .	.15
Pansy, Swanley Blue, . . .	.15
Salpiglossis, All Colors, . . .	.05
Candytuft, Mixed, . . .	.05
Portulaca, Mixed, . . .	.05
Verbenas, Mixed, . . .	.05

\$1.50

Don't open needless correspondence about this offer. Promptly send in your subscription, with \$1.50, naming the list of seeds you want, and you will promptly get the seeds and the new subscriber will promptly receive the magazine and be duly credited for a year. This temporary offer relates only to new subscribers sent direct to the publisher and will be closed May 1st. Address:

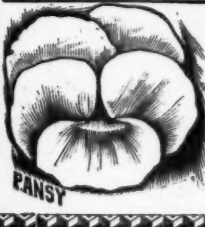
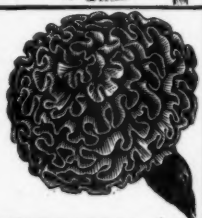
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DES MOINES, IOWA.**



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ENGLISH SWEET PEAS



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## **Sectional, Yet National—Continued.**

The February MIDLAND—which, by the way, is a number of unusual excellence.—J. B. Kenyon, Syracuse, N. Y.

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY, of Des Moines, Iowa, is one of the best magazines the West has thus far offered us, and it appears to be on a more secure basis than any other from that section (except the *Overland Monthly*) which has yet appeared. Indeed, there seems to be a field for such a journal in that part of the country.—*Observer*, Charlotte, N. C.

I have THE MIDLAND from its initial number complete, and like it better with each year.—C. C. Jencks, Kalkaska, Michigan.

Indeed, there are no papers that are not original in this magazine. A new figure in periodical literature is a Western girl, Miss Sue O'Bannon Porter, of Roslyn, Wash. She contributes a "Tale of the Reservation," and her picture is one of strikingly regular features, as her writing is full of fine vigor.—*Journal*, Salem, Ore.

I have been getting your magazine, ever since its first appearance, through the Central News company. It is invaluable to the student of history and the friend of education.—James W. Howarth, Sec'y Board of Education, Glen Riddle, Pa.

I appreciate the magazine very much.—Dr. A. F. Stephens, St. Joseph, Mo.



## TWENTY QUESTIONS

TO PROFITABLY INTEREST THE BOYS AND GIRLS—QUESTIONS SUGGESTED (BUT NOT ANSWERED) BY ARTICLES IN THE PRESENT NUMBER OF THE MIDLAND.

The Ten Girls or Boys under Eighteen years of age who, before the 15th day of March, mail us the best set of answers to the following questions will each be given a year's subscription to THE MIDLAND MONTHLY. The subscription may begin with any month the winner may desire, and will be credited up to any person the winner may name. Adults may assist the competitors, but the answers must be prepared by the girls and boys themselves.

### RULES GOVERNING THE COMPETITION.

1. Each competitor must cut out the questions given below and pin them to the upper left-hand corner of the first one of the pages on which the answers are written.
2. The answers must be numbered to correspond with the accompanying questions.
3. The answers must be plainly written in ink (not typewritten), must be short and to the point.
4. Send no accompanying letter. Send nothing but the printed questions and your written answers, your name, age and postoffice address. If a resident of a large city, add street address. Patiently wait the announcement of the result, in the February number.

PUBLISHER MIDLAND MONTHLY, *Des Moines, Iowa.*

### THE TWENTY QUESTIONS.

1. In what city was the bridge "spanning Arno's silv'ry stream," to which the poet Harris refers? (p. 195.)
2. In what century did Dante complete his *Inferno*? (p. 195.)
3. About how long did the recent war between China and Japan last? (p. 196.)
4. About what is the estimated present population of Japan? (p. 196.) (Exact figures not required.)
5. Name two or three of Cooper's best known novels. (p. 201.)
6. When was John Brown in Kansas? (p. 201.)
7. When was Kansas made a state? (p. 204.)
8. When was Wyoming made a state? (p. 210.)
9. How many presidential tickets were there in the field in 1860? Name the several candidates for president and vice-president and the parties they represented. (p. 213.)
10. Who was "Dolly" Madison, and when did she take up her residence in the White House? (p. 213.)
11. When and where was the artist Healy born, and when and where did he die? (p. 216.)
12. What portrait gave Gilbert Stuart his greatest fame? (p. 216.)
13. Who or what were the Strophades? (p. 216.)
14. In the military sense what does "investment" mean? (p. 220.)
15. What became of General Twiggs after the war with Mexico? (p. 223.)
16. In what year did Irving visit Scott? (p. 250.)
17. How old is Björnson? (p. 253.)
18. When was Samuel J. Kirkwood first elected Governor of Iowa, and when was he last elected to that office? (See p. mentioning Kirkwood in John Brown article.)
19. What is the average age of the four Middle-Westerners (Sherman, Alger, Gage and Wilson) who have been called to the Cabinet of President McKinley? (First p. Ed. Comment.)
20. Where was Susan B. Anthony born and how old is she? (Ed. Comment.)

### THE SUCCESSFUL TEN LAST MONTH.\*

- Frank H. Cowles, age 12, 835 Fifth street, Des Moines.  
Meave G. Wright, age 15, Charles City, Iowa.  
Agnes E. Valentine, age 14, New Douglas, Ill.  
Pauline E. Smith, age 16, 4444 Champlain Ave., Chicago, Ill.  
Bessie Brenholt, age 16, 307 North Thirty-ninth street, Omaha, Neb.  
Roy A. Cook, age 17, Independence, Iowa.  
Grace M. Beal, age 14, Hutchinson, Minn.  
Erwin Sackett, age 15, Winterset, Iowa.  
Maude Throckmartin, age 15, Chariton, Iowa.  
Reed T. Bayne, age 12, 454 Wright street, La Salle, Ill.

\*Write the publisher telling him whom to send your subscription to and when to begin it.



